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The Acting Edition

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THE MIDNIGHT CHARGE

A GRAND MILITARY PLAY IN FOUR ACTS

BY

W. ELSWORTH STEDMAN

Author of "The Confederate Spy," "The Confidential Clerk," "The Yankee Detective," etc., etc.

Together with Cast of Characters, List of Properties, Description of Costumes, and full directions for Acting and Presenting the Play,

SCENE: LOOKOUT VALLEY DURING THE REBELLION.

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NEW YORK
T. H. FRENCH
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28 WEST 23D STREET

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The above Scenes, mounted, can be seen at 28 West 23d St., New York. Full directions accompany each Scene.

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AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

In writing and arranging this military play, it has been the aim of the author to place before the people a drama purely moral in its character and language, entertaining in plot and detail, and with that pure humor to which none can take exception. The play is so arranged that it may be rendered on a small stage, with only a few actors, with pleasing effect. The general's horse, brass band, marching soldiers, and even the quartette may be omitted without affecting the plot, or it may be played in full on a large scale, using any amount of people in the make-up. The scene and events mentioned in the dialogue are all correct war history, even to dates, and are backed by the best histories of the late rebellion, and many old soldiers, when witnessing its rendition, will recall to mind the events mentioned. There are few places at the present day which do not possess good material for a male quartette, and the simple addition of song in any play gives renewed vigor to its make-up. The songs written for the Pumpkin Blossom Club are in keeping with slavery days, and may be sung to almost any of the old war tunes used by the colored people of that day, or if a good quartette is not at hand, it may be omitted without interfering with the plot. Hoping our efforts may meet the wants of the G. A. R. and the public in general, we are,

Yours truly,

THE AUTHOR.

12-38920

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

MAJOR-GENERAL GEARY, U. S. A.
COLONEL JONES, U. S. A.
CAPTAIN DANVERS (victim of a vile plot).
DICK RYON (a Southern spy).
PAT O'HARRA (a bright lad from the bogs).
JUMBO (leader ob de Punkin Blossom Club).
CHARLEY WOOD (a young but enthusiastic Unionist)
GRACE WOOD (pride of the valley).
MRS. WOOD (her mother).
SISTER ALICE (friend of the suffering).

Soldiers, Musicians, Singers, etc.

Time of playing, two hours and thirty minutes.

Costumes—Modern.

Soldiers in appropriate uniform, according to their rank. Character of George Webb, dress of an old planter—high top boots, seedy coat, wide-rimmed hat, full gray beard and wig. Ladies in ordinary home dresses, except Sister Alice, who should dress in character of a Sister of Charity, with white band over her forehead, etc.; if she will wear blue glasses it will make the change all the more complete when she throws off disguise in last act.

Bill of Play.

Act I.—Temporary headquarters of General Geary in an old abandoned blacksmith-shop, at Wauhatchie, Tenn., after the midnight charge. The general makes the acquaintance of Dick Ryon, the Southern spy, alias Lawrence De Witt, a traitor in blue. Charley Wood visits headquarters. Captain Danvers wounded. March of the Boys in Blue. Ryon happy. News from Washington. Jumbo comes out to see the Yanks, "What massa say hab horns on dere heads." Serenade by "de Punkin Blossom Club." Jumbo gets a bad scare. Sister Alice secures a position as nurse at the hospital. News from Hooker. Shoeing the general's horse. Grand anvil chorus.

Act II.—Home of Mrs. Wood. The wounded captain. Troubles of war. Jumbo and his chickens. "I'ze de leader ob de Punkin Blossom Club." Charley gets excited. Captain Danvers has a battle with Cupid. The latter victorious. Love and bombshells. Ryon's desperate game. The midnight assassin. Good news. "Father and brother are coming home." Jollification. Pat scores a point. Captured with a whiskey-bottle. Sister Alice gives the midnight marauder a warm welcome. Go before it's too late.

Picture.

Act III.—Lookout Valley. Council of war. Good news from the spy. George Webb. Jumbo visits his old master's cellar and hen-roost. "Bacon am comin' down." Map of Bragg's location. Ryon and Pat have a slight misunderstanding. "You Irish devil, take that for your impudence." Pat retaliates. Ryon in a bad boat. Knowledge is power. George Webb becomes the victim of a designing devil. Stabbed in the back. Charley Wood an unwilling witness. "Mother." Captain Danvers in the toils. That tell-tale knife. Grace Wood and her lover. "The whole world cannot make me believe you guilty." A hard blow. The captain in despair.

Act IV.—Court-martialled. Drill of the "Punkins." Pat and his nose. Jumbo as a drill-master. "We'ze in de line ob

battle." General Geary as judge. The fatal letter. Condemned. Ryon tells his story. The champion liar of '63. Arrival of Grace Wood. Ryon gets uneasy. That packet of old letters. "Compare them, general." The tables turned. Arrival of the dirty boy. Charley tells his story. Ryon cornered. Jumbo and his big rope. Sister Alice gives Ryon a bit of friendly advice. Captain Danvers saved by the girl he left behind him. Mother's hungry boy. Ryon in the soup. Home for supper. Happy dénouement. Good-night.

List of Properties.

Act I.—Pine table and camp-stools, box for Jumbo to sit on in First Act, sword on table, horseshoes, anvil and blacksmith tools, large fly brush, pistol for Pat, map, letters for general.

Act II.—Piano-cover with cord draped on corner, or if no piano is used, the cord and tassels should be used on fancy chair or picture easel, whiskey-bottle for Pat, knife and letter for Ryon, basket for Jumbo, sling for Captain Danvers's arm, pistol for Ryon's hip-pocket.

Act III.—Field-glass for Ryon, tablet for general, pistol for Pat, also cartridge, stretcher, letter for Webb, knife for Ryon.

Act IV.—Letter for general, package of letters for Grace, large rope for Jumbo, letter for Charley, red sponge for Pat's nose.

Stage Directions.

R. means right—the actor facing the audience ; L., left ; C., centre ; R. C., right centre ; R. U. E., right upper entrance; L. U. E., left upper entrance, etc. L. 1st E., Left first entrance, nearest to the foot-lights ; R. 1st E., opposite, etc. Coming down, means coming to front of stage. Going up, means back part of stage, etc.

THE MIDNIGHT CHARGE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Interior view of an old blacksmith-shop (temporary headquarters of* GENERAL GEARY); *anvil*, C.; *patent portable forge*, R. C.; *hammers, tongs, horseshoes, etc., lying around; bath-tub near forge; large hair fly-brush on* R. *wing; large window at back, showing camp scene in the distance; walls and wings painted to represent horseshoes on pegs; tools of different kinds hung on wall, etc. As curtain rises,* GENERAL GEARY *sits left of large table, standing back,* C., *looking at map, which he has spread on table.* COLONEL JONES *sits on an old dry-goods box right of table.* PAT O'HARRA *rolled up in blanket, on floor, back of* COLONEL JONES, *and close to back scene. Orderly and general's staff (any number) sitting around on camp-stools,* R. *and* L.

GENERAL GEARY. Gentlemen, the midnight charge of the enemy last night was the most complete surprise to our soldiers that we have ever witnessed.

COLONEL JONES. I think our boys did well, notwithstanding they were very tired from yesterday's long march, and were sleeping soundly at the time of the surprise.

GEN. G. They acted nobly, and I guess the Confederates thought they had awakened the wrong men.

COL. J. The Seventy-third Ohio and Thirty-third Massachusetts had a hard fight, and dislodged the enemy from their works, on the second hill, toward Brown's Ferry.

GEN. G. Yes; so I understand. The enemy withdrew from battle with us as soon as the skirmish commenced on the hill.

COL. J. They were afraid of being cut off from recrossing the river.

GEN. G. Who was the scout that gave you the information regarding the movement of the enemy?

COL. J. I do not now remember his name; I have it at my quarters. He was one of the survivors at the battle of Gettysburg. He was captured by the enemy, but managed, a few days later, to escape, and worked his way back to our lines. He tells me that he came to our brigade just as we were taking the train at Manassas Junction. He has been with us ever since, though I don't remember seeing him until we were at Bridgeport. He reported to me on the 30th of September, and

asked to remain with us till he could have an opportunity of joining his own regiment.

GEN. G. How did you chance to use him as a scout?

COL. J. He informed me that he had been doing spy work most of the time for the last twelve months, and he offered to cross Lookout Creek and ascertain the force of the enemy, which I commissioned him to do, and I must say he played one of the cleverest tricks on the Johnnies that I have seen for many a day. He disguised as an old negress, and actually walked straight into the enemy's lines with her basket of yams on her head, and not a question asked, and came back the same way.

GEN. G. Where is the fellow?

COL. J. He is about camp somewhere. I will look for him if you wish.

GEN. G. Have you learned whether Webb has returned yet?

COL. J. Do you refer to the spy who stops with Captain Bookwalter's command?

GEN. G. Yes; his name is George Webb.

COL. J. I never knew his name; the boys call him "Scotty" for short. Yes, sir; he returned from Knoxville all right, and Captain Bookwalter sent him away on some other mission just before their fight on the hill last night.

GEN. G. I wish you would send a messenger to Bookwalter and ascertain if the scout has returned.

COL. J. Is it possible, general, that you haven't heard of Captain Bookwalter's death?

GEN. G. (*astonished*). Dead! My God, no! I saw him only last night at ten o'clock.

COL. J. It's too true, general. The captain was wounded in the first charge, while leading his men to battle, and died before daylight this morning.

GEN. G. And the nation has lost one of her bravest and noblest sons. (*To staff.*) Gentlemen, you may as well try and get some sleep; if you are needed I will send for you. (*Staff all salute and exit*, L. C. COLONEL JONES, *one orderly, and* PAT [*who is rolled up in blanket*] *remain.*) I hope nothing has happened to Webb; he is a brave fellow, and we should hardly know how to fill his place. Yes, colonel, you may find the new man and bring him here. (COLONEL JONES *salutes and retires*, L. C.)

(*Voice heard outside.*) Colonel Jones, here is a lad who reported at the picket line that he wished to speak with General Geary.

COL. J. (*outside*). What do you want, young man?

CHARLEY WOOD (*outside*). Please, sir, may I speak with General Geary?

COL. J. Have you anything of importance to say to the general?

GEN. G. Colonel, let the boy enter.

Enter CHARLEY, L. C., *and removes cap.*

GEN. G. Well, my lad, what is it?

CHAS. Sir, there's a wounded Union officer at our house, and he sent me to ask you for an ambulance and surgeon.

GEN. G. Did he give his name?

CHAS. Yes, sir; Captain Danvers.

GEN. G. (*surprised*). Captain Danvers! Yes, yes, my boy; the ambulance and attendance will go at once. (*To orderly.*) See that Surgeon Copeland with an ambulance are ready, and await further orders from me. (*Orderly salutes and exits*, L. C.) Where do you live, my boy?

CHAS. About one mile the other side of Wauhatchie.

GEN. G. In the yellow cottage on the hill?

CHAS. Yes, sir.

GEN. G. I supposed a Southern family were living there.

CHAS. My father and brother are both in the Southern army, sir, from necessity, *not* from choice. My mother and sister are Unionists at heart, but it is worth our lives to mention it openly.

GEN. G. Supposing your neighbors should know of your people favoring our wounded soldiers, and of your coming here.

CHAS. There are only two between our home and this place who know me, and I frequently pass there on my way to town.

GEN. G. You are a brave lad, and I wish you and your people were North, away from this trouble.

CHAS. The people at the North, sir, know very little of the hardships and privations endured by us here in the South.

GEN. G. Your language doesn't indicate that you were Southern born.

CHAS. No, sir; I was born in Ohio, where we lived until I was about eight years of age. Then my parents came South, and left me with my grandfather, who died in 1858, when I joined my people here.

GEN. G. My boy, you are surrounded by your native countrymen. The Seventy-third Ohio Infantry are camping on one of the hills, about two miles this side of Brown's Ferry.

Enter COLONEL JONES, *followed by* JAMES RYON, *the Southern Spy.*

CHAS. (*to* RYON). Good-morning, Mr. Ryon; I am surprised to see you here. (RYON *places his fingers to lips.*) Oh, excuse me, sir; I thought you were an old friend of our family!

RYON. Then you are mistaken. I never saw you before.

COL. J. General, this is Mr. De Witt—the man you wished to see.

GEN. G. Be seated, Mr. De Witt. Colonel, take this lad to

Surgeon Copeland, and let him ride home in the ambulance. Tell the surgeon to go to the house where the boy will direct, and bring Captain Danvers to the hospital.

COL. J. What! Is the captain hurt?

GEN. G. Yes; wounded in last night's engagement. Is he badly hurt, my lad?

CHAS. I couldn't say how serious it may be, sir. I think he said it was done by a bullet which passed through his arm below the elbow. He bled pretty bad. Mother and sister have bandaged his wounds as best they can.

GEN. G. You may come in camp again if you like. (*Giving card.*) This will pass you inside the lines at any time.

CHAS. (*taking card*). Oh, thank you, sir! I shall be glad to come often. [*Follows* COLONEL JONES *out*, L. C.

GEN. G. (*to* RYON). Are you the man who Colonel Jones sent into the enemy's lines yesterday?

RY. Yes, sir.

GEN. G. How did you form the erroneous opinion that their forces were so light?

RY. I loitered around, and heard some officers talking to the effect that they could not stand an attack until re-enforcements arrived, as Longstreet was about leaving for Knoxville with twenty thousand men, and also that they were short on ammunition and rations.

GEN. G. All of which proved quite to the contrary at last night's battle.

RY. General, I did the best I could under the existing circumstances and in the limited space of time allotted me. I was very much surprised myself when the attack was made. I did not think they would dare venture over the river.

GEN. G. I do not attach any blame to you. I realize it is a hazardous place to fill, and we can't expect a fellow to be successful every time. Where do you belong?

RY. I did belong to the First Corps, under General Reynolds. I was taken prisoner at Gettysburg on the first day of July, about ten minutes after our general was killed. I escaped from the rebs a few days later, and wandered about, trying to get out of the country unobserved, when luckily I came upon the camp of the Seventy-third Ohio, and came on the train with them.

GEN. G. You have served as a scout, I understand.

RY. I have served as a spy for about a year and a half.

GEN. G. By order of Reynolds?

RY. Yes, sir; under his personal instructions.

GEN. G We want a trustworthy man of your stamp. Would you mind remaining with us and do secret work?

RY. I would prefer to get permit from my superiors first, but will gladly serve you until I can communicate with them.

GEN. G. (*taking pen and paper*). What is your name?

RY. Lawrence De Witt, sir.

GEN. G. What was your company ?

RY. I was of General Reynolds's staff, sir.

GEN. G. I will communicate with the corps, and get permit for your transfer to us. By the way, did you know the lad who was present when you came in ?

RY. No, sir; I did not. May I ask where he came from ?

GEN. G. He lives near hear.

A distant drum heard beating march time, which must be very low at first and gradually sound louder, as if coming near.

RY. Do I understand right, that you have a wounded Union officer stopping there ?

GEN. G. Only since last night. We have just sent the ambulance for him. By the way, De Witt, do you know the lay of the land around here at all ?

RY. Not very thoroughly, but I am not easily lost when I once get my bearings.

GEN. G. (*rising and taking newspaper from pocket*). I wish to inspect this regiment. Here is some late news from Washington that will interest you till my return. I wish to talk with you further on the subject. (*Gives paper.*)

RY. Very well, sir; I will wait here till your return.

[GENERAL GEARY *exits*, L. E.

RY. (*aside*). Thanks awfully, General Geary. You couldn't do me a greater favor than to give me these papers. I shall be able to report to General Bragg how matters are getting on in Washington. (*Lights a cigar, puts his feet on table, and proceeds to take life easy while he looks at paper. The drum should soon come to its highest pitch, and the tramp of marching men should be heard outside ; voice of officer heard giving commands.*) Halt! (*Drum and noise stop.*) Battalion, left face! Present arms! Order arms! Parade! Rest!

GEN. G. (*heard outside*). Good-morning, colonel.

OFFICER. Good-morning, general.

GEN. G. Your men show the want of rest; I will walk down to camp with you. There is a fine plot of ground just below here that will make a good place to bivouac.

OFFICER. Attention, battalion ! Shoulder arms ! Right face! Forward, march! (*Drum beats march time or band plays ; soldiers pass the back large window in military march,* L. *to* R. *By a little quick and skilful manœuvring a few soldiers, with muskets, can represent a whole brigade. As soon as the head ones have passed the window, let them hurry quickly around, back of the scenes, and fall in again. The band can reeross if wished, though it would be well to change hats and coats, if possible, and play a different piece of music. A flag could be carried across, and after a proper*

interval one of a different style, etc. This part can be made very effective if great care and dexterity are used in producing it.)

Ry. (*lays down paper; takes note-book and pencil from pocket, and stands beside window, as if taking notes on the passing column*). Ahem! wouldn't General Geary look wild if he knew he had left his headquarters to the watchful care of Dick Ryon, the Southern spy? Talk about Yankee shrewdness! As a class they are as dumb as oysters. Catch one of our Confederate generals walking demurely off, leaving his headquarters in charge of an entire stranger. (*Sitting.*) But then that is my good luck; if he were more careful I wouldn't find it as good picking here. (*Last soldier passes the window, and music dies away in distance. After all is quiet, a quartette of colored singers are heard outside in song and chorus.*)

Ry. (*listening*). Another country heard from. (*Reads paper till end of song.*)

Enter Jumbo, L. C.; *makes a low bow.*

Jumbo. Am I 'trudin', sah?

Ry. What do you want?

Jum. Did yo' heah de music, sah?

Ry. Music! What music do you mean?

Jum. Yah! yah! Sho now, massa, didn't ye heah de Punkin Blossom Club singing at ye?

Ry. No, I didn't. What do you want, anyway?

Jum. We jes' come out to see de Lincum sojers, what massa say hab hons on dar heads. Am yo' one ob dem fellahs?

Ry. Do I look like I have horns, you black rascal? Get out of here.

Jum. Didn't mean no kind ob harm, boss; I swar to goodness I didn't.

Ry. Why are you in here?

Jum. Am yo' de digadeer brindle?

Ry. The what?

Jum. De boss ob dis yer gang ob sojers?

Ry. This is General Geary's headquarters for to-day. Why?

Jum. I want to spoke wid de boss. Am dat yo'?

Ry. No; General Geary is out, and you had better get out before he returns.

Jum. Kaze why?

Ry. (*pointing to* L. C.). Do you see that door?

Jum. (*backing to door*). Yas, sah. Maybe yo' don't know who yo'ze spokin' at; does ye, white man?

Ry. Well, who are you?

Jum. I'ze de head spokeman ob de Punkin Blossom Club, sah; an' I know who yo' is, too.

Ry. The devil you do!

Jum. Yas, sah. Yo'ze one ob dem fellahs what I used to

dribe in de cotton field; dey hab long ears an' talk like dis yere. *(Puts his hands up by his head in imitation of ears, and brays like a donkey.* RYON *picks up a camp-stool to throw, and* JUMBO *dodges out,* L. C.)

GEN. G. (*heard outside*). Great heavens, man, can't you see where you are going?

JUM. (*outside*). Fo' de good Lawd sake, massa, I didn't mean to run agin' ye. Swar to goodness gracious I didn't.

GEN. G. What were you doing in there?

JUM. I jes' went in to see de boss; dat's all.

GEN. G. What do you want?

JUM. Me an' de oder coons what belong to de Punkin Blossom Club, we stealed away an' come to see de Lincum sojers. Am yo' de gineril?

GEN. G. I am General Geary. Why?

JUM. Doan yo' want er niggah?

GEN. G. (*entering*). No; we have more colored people now than we can manage.

JUM. (*following him in*). Say, gineril, I'ze de coon what can do moah work dan any niggah in dis yer town.

GEN. G. What can you do?

JUM. Tote de wood an' wattah, an' cook, an'—an' take care ob de hoss, an' shine yo' boots, an'—an'—

GEN. G. (*interrupting him*). Lie and steal.

JUM. No, sah; I nebber tole a lie in my life or stealed a chicken. But say, boss, I know whar dar am some nice chickins roostin'.

GEN. G. How did you get inside the lines?

JUM. De which?

GEN. G. The picket lines.

JUM. Didn't done seed any picket lines, gineril. We seed a lot ob sojers comin' dis yar way, so we jist jined on de hind end an' come along; dat's all.

GEN. G. Who do you mean by "we"? Are there more than you?

JUM. Yas, sah; four oder coons ob de Punkin Blossom Club.

GEN. G. Were are they?

JUM. Do' know, boss; guess dey am gone to git situations.

GEN. G. What do you mean?

JUM. Oh, we'ze all gwan ter stay wid Massa Lincum's sojers if dey doan dribe us away. Say, gineril, wish you'd keep dis yar chile.

GEN. G. I had one fellow of your stripe, and he got to be such a liar that I turned him out.

JUM. I clar to goodness, boss, I nebber will pesticate yo' dat way.

GEN. G. I haven't time to talk with you now. Come back in half an hour.

JUM. Yas, sah. (*Makes a low bow and exits*, L. C.)

GEN. G. (*to* RYON). Do you think, Mr. DeWitt, that you can make the trip to Chattanooga and take a message to General Thomas, and after that enter the lines of Bragg's army and ascertain the exact position and number of his men?

RY. It's a risky piece of business, sir, but I'll try it.

GEN. G. I will write a note to Thomas. (*Takes pen and paper and writes note.* RYON *reads paper while* GENERAL GEARY *writes.*)

Enter orderly, L. C., *with letter, which he hands to* GENERAL GEARY, *who reads and lays on table.*

GEN. G. (*to orderly*). Tell General Grant his orders will be promptly obeyed. (*Orderly salutes and exits*, L. C. GENERAL GEARY *folds letter and hands to* RYON.)

GEN. G. Deliver that letter to General Thomas in person. He will give you a pass to go in and out of his lines, and as you return from the enemy's lines report to General Thomas what you have learned, then come to me.

RY. Will you be here when I return?

GEN. G. I have just received orders from General Grant to remain here and hold our position in the valley. So we shall be here when you return, unless driven out by the enemy.

RY. I will set out at once.

GEN. G. It will not be necessary to inform you that your task is a hazardous one, and that the greatest caution must be exercised.

RY. I have already learned that lesson by sad experience.

[*Exits*, L. C.

Enter COLONEL JONES, L. C.

COL. J. (*salutes*). General, there's a lady outside who wishes to speak with you.

GEN. G. Show the lady in, colonel.

COLONEL JONES *exits*, L. C., *and returns with* SISTER ALICE, *dressed as a Sister of Charity.* COLONEL JONES *exits again.*

GEN. G. (*lifting his hat*). Please be seated, madam. These are not very inviting apartments for a lady, but you are welcome.

SISTER ALICE. No apology is necessary, general. I came to offer my services in caring for the sick and wounded. Are you in need of any assistance at the hospitals?

GEN. G. Yes, madam; we are very much in need of female nurses. But are you fully aware of the hardships one must undergo in such a capacity?

SISTER A. I understand, sir.

GEN. G. (*taking notes*). May I inquire your name and residence?

SISTER A. Of late I have been residing in Chattanooga, where I am known as Sister Alice.

GEN. G. General Thomas would probably have been glad of your services, and he is now in Chattanooga.

SISTER A. His hospitals are well provided with good nurses, several of whom are women. I thought perhaps I could be of more service here.

GEN. G. You are a brave little woman, and I assure you we shall appreciate your kind assistance. When will you enter on your new duties?

SISTER A. At once, if you please.

GEN. G. Very well; I will accompany you to the division hospital and introduce you to the surgeons, and after a few weeks' trial, if you like the situation, you will be duly enrolled as hospital nurse.

SISTER A. Thank you, general; I will try and prove myself trustworthy.

Enter COLONEL JONES, L. C.

COL. J. General, Surgeon Copeland sends word that Captain Danvers is not in condition to be moved, and suggests that a nurse be detailed to care for him where he is for a few days.

GEN. G. Say to Surgeon Copeland that I will ride over in a few minutes and bring a nurse with me. (COLONEL JONES *salutes and exits*, L. C.) Sister Alice, have you had any previous experience in this work?

SISTER A. No, sir; but I think I can make myself useful. I can at least obey orders.

GEN. G. We have a badly wounded officer stopping at a private house. Would you object to going there?

SISTER A. Certainly not; I will go wherever I may be of service to the suffering. May I ask at whose house he is stopping? I am slightly acquainted in Wauhatchie.

GEN. G. Their name is Wood. Do you know them?

SISTER A. I—I have—have heard the name before.

GEN. G. We will drive over there. [*Both exit*, L. C.

JUMBO (*heard outside*). Gineril, am dat half hour up?

GEN. G. Go inside and stay till my return.

Enter JUMBO, L. C., *with large carpet-bag and banjo or guitar. Lays instrument on table, and throws bag under table, then comes down.*

JUM. By golly, dis yar nigga's am a Yankee now! I'ze gwan

wid Massa Geary an' help fo' ter liberate de oder coons. (*Looking round.*) By golly, I wonder what fo' de gineril move his family in dis yar ole shop for! (*Spies sword lying on table, and picks it up.*) Dar am one ob dem Yankee toofpicks. (*Takes sword from scabbard and tries to pick his teeth with it, then holds it up and tries to give a descriptive lecture of it.*) Ladies an' gemen, I'ze hearn tell ob dat ole shord befoah. Dat am de same ole cheese knife dat George Washingham used in de Retributionary War. It war made out ob an ole plowshar at Mistah Valley's forge. De hammers an' tongs had been all stoled away by de Barber Frichie, so Massa George had ter poun' out de hot iron wid de back ob his leetle hatchet. Once he made a big mistake an' hit wid de wrong side, an' dat's what make dem knick in dis ole corn cuttah. Dey say de Yankee hossifers am mighty handy wid a shord. When dey hab em up dis way (*brandishes sword above head*), dey can cut dar way fro a cyclone, an' when dey hab em by dar sides, like dis yar (*holds sword by his side*), dey can cut a swell. (*Struts across stage.*) Ladies an' gemen, dis ain't de same shord dat David use when he kill de Liah, kaze dat war a stun; but dis ole blade hab cut off moah chickins' heads, an' killed more yeller dorgs dan eber war born. Dis am de same ole shord dat war used by Ephreham Allen when he walk right inter Fort Tyconderado wid his dorg an' gun an' two oder coons, an' said ter de boss cook (*loudly*), I deman' de suspender ob dis plantation in de name ob great guns an' de continual (*stops to think and scratches his head*)—continual House ob Correction. (*Holds up sheath.*) Now, my deluded hearers, I will gib you de history ob dis yar. It am ter hold de aforesaid shord. (*Lays sword on table, and taking banjo, sits on box close in front of* PAT, *near his head, so that he,* PAT, *may be able to fire pistol without moving.*) Guess I'll try an' 'joy myself till de boss arribe. (*Plays and sings some favorite melody, and at end of last verse* PAT *fires a pistol directly under box where* JUMBO *sits.* JUMBO *yells loudly and springs high in air, while* PAT *rolls out of blanket to centre of floor, then springs quickly up and jumps around, as if about to fight.* JUMBO *drops on both knees and shakes with fright. If he has on a movable fright wig, so much the better.*)

PAT. Ye haythen Choineze nagur, phere did the loikes av ye come from?

JUM. Say—say, massa, I clar to goodness I nebber did see yo' befo'.

PAT. Phat in the name av Saint Pathrick de ye want around here, onyway, raisin' sich a halabaloo when a respectable Irishman wants to shlape? Bedad, av ye'll wait whoile Oi get me auld gun Oi'll blow yer two black eyes intil wan. [*Exits,* L. C.

JUM. (*rising quickly*). By golly, dat am a insult to de Punkin Blossom Club! Now, dat ole hibernicum snoozer am gone ter

git his gun ter kill a niggah. Now, you 'spoze I'ze 'fraid ob dat fellah ? No, sah. (*Picks up pistol from behind box and looks into muzzle.*) By golly, dat fellah am a dead Yankee! (*Takes position beside door*, L. C.) Jes' let dat ole snoozer come in dar now. (*Listens.*) I heah 'im comin'.

Enter COLONEL JONES, L. C. JUMBO *quickly sticks pistol under colonel's nose and calls loudly.*

JUM. Drop dat gun, you ole debil, kaze I'ze gwan ter shute.

COL. J. (*springing to centre of room and drawing pistol*). You blasted nigger, what do you mean ?

JUM. (*falling on knees*). Oh, Lawd, massa, I done took yo' fo' dat hibernicum what's been pesticating dis yar chile. I didn't mean no kind ob harm, boss.

COL. J. Get up and out of this, you black imp; and if I catch you here again I'll break every bone in your body.

JUM. Massa, Gineril Geary said I war ter stay heah till he come back.

COL. J. (*taking him by collar*). Get out of this. (*Shoves him out*, L. C.)

JUM. (*heard outside*). Say, boss, do yo' know I'ze de leader ob de Punkin Blossom Club ?

COL. J. (*calling after him*). Well, if you come in here again, you'll get a club of a different kind. (*Sits at table with back to* L. *and proceeds to write.*)

PAT, *after a pause, enters quickly with gun and fixed bayonet, with which he proceeds to prod the colonel in the back.*

PAT. Git outen this now, ye black divil. Oi'll learn ye to be breakin' av me shlumbers.

COL. J. (*grasps sword from table and springs up quickly*). What in the name of Satan are you prodding me with that bayonet for ? (*Raising sword.*) I've a mind to cut you wide open, you Irish fool.

PAT. Oi beg yez pardon, sor, a thousand toimes. I thot ye were thot ither nagur phat's been botherin' the loife out av me.

COL. J. (*feeling of his back*). You blasted idiot, haven't you any eyes in your head ? I ought to give you a sound thrashing.

PAT. Be the days av Saint Pathrick, sir, Oi meant no harum.

COL. J. Go outside, sir, and stand guard till relieved by me. (PAT *brings gun to shoulder arms, and saluting* COLONEL JONES, *marches out in military style.* COLONEL JONES *sits at table, and proceeds to write as before.*)

Enter GENERAL GEARY *and staff*, L. C.; *men sit or stand at will.*

GEN. G. Those rebels on Point Lookout are terribly annoying to our army and moving trains in the valley. I wish there was some way to dislodge them.

Enter PAT, L. C., *with letter, which he hands to* GENERAL GEARY.

PAT. Gineril, an' ortherly on astride av a yaller hoss gav' thot same til me, an' said Oi shud bring it til yer highness.

GEN. G. (*opens letter and reads aloud*).

General Geary: Please come to my headquarters as soon as possible on receipt of this. HOOKER.

GEN. G. (*to* PAT). Patrick, get my horse at once.

PAT. But, sor, your hoss have lost a shoe from his fut.

GEN. G. Lost a shoe! Well, sir, why haven't you had it replaced?

PAT. Bedad, sor, the smiths are still in the rear an' haven't arriv yet.

GEN. G. Well, that is great! What am I to do?

JUM. (*sticking his head in*, L. C.). Say dar, gineril, I can shoe dat horse.

GEN. G. You! Did you ever shoe a horse?

JUM. (*coming in*). Yas, sah; an' mule, too.

GEN. G. Well, I don't want to trust you.

COL. J. General, I have a man who can help you out of this trouble. Shall I bring him?

GEN. G. Yes, colonel, at once. (COLONEL JONES *exits*, L. C.) Patrick, bring my horse.

PAT. Thot Oi will, sor. [*Exits*, L. C.

JUM. (*taking down horse-hair brush*). Gineril, I can keep away de blue tail fly. Say, gineril, de Punkin Blossom Club am out heah; can dey come in an' sing fo' yo'?

GEN. G. Yes; bring in your club. [JUMBO *exits*, L. C.

Enter PAT, L. C., *with the horse, followed by* JUMBO *and quartette of colored singers, who form in line on either side of anvil and sing anvil chorus. The two singers farthest from anvil should each have two steel horseshoes, which they clink together in unison with the other two singers, who each strike on anvil with hammers. The anvil and horseshoe chorus are to be used in chorus of song as marked by stars. After song is nearly done,* COLONEL JONES *enters*, L. C., *with person who is to do shoeing. A stage-whispered*

consultation takes place between them and GENERAL GEARY, *when the man proceeds to shoe horse. Curtain may go down at end of song, or may remain up till horse is shod.*

SONG AND CHORUS BY PUNKIN BLOSSOM CLUB.

Ole massa say dat de Yankees hab hons,
But we doan belebe it. [*Basso repeats*, No, we doan belebe it.
An' dat dey will steal all yo' taters an' corn,
But we doan belebe it. [*Basso repeats, etc.*
So we runed away an' come down ter de camp,
An' we'ze gwan ter trabil along wid Gineril Grant;
So, call back de dogs, fo' kotch us yo' cant.
An' some day you'll belebe it.

Chorus.

Den dribe away de fly
While we make de anvil ring, * *
Dar am music in de air; [strokes on anvil and horseshoes.
We'ze as happy as a king, * *
An' we'ze gwan ter fight fer Uncle Sam, x
Or bust a ham string,
An' help fer ter liberate de niggahs. x x x x

Ole massa say we mus' git up in de morn,
But we doan belebe it. [*Bass, etc.*
An' go down ter de field fer ter cultivate de corn,
But we doan belebe it. [*Bass, etc.*
We'ze got tired ob workin' in de cotton an' de cane,
An' we'll fight wid Lincum's sojers till de victory am gain;
Den we'ze gwan up Norf by de berry fust train,
An' doan yo' ferget ter belebe it. [*Chorus.*

Ole massa tinks he's sabed kaze he make long prayer,
But we doan belebe it. [*Bass, etc.*
Some day de debil kotch him unawares,
But he doan belebe it. [*Bass*, Ole massa doan belebe it.
He'll swar till eberything am blue
An' flog de niggah like gehue,
Till de ole man mose go up de flue;
Yo' jes' bet we belebe it. [*Bass*, Yas, we do belebe it.
[*Chorus.*

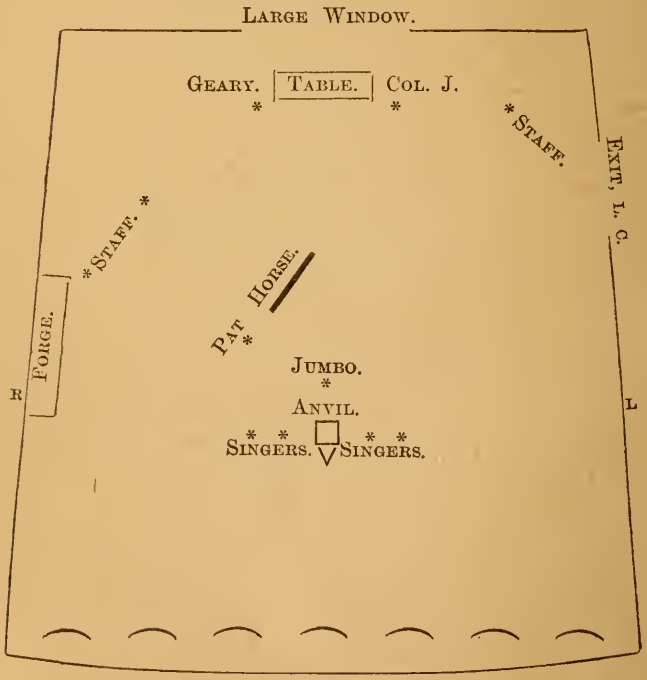
Jeff Davis tinks he's mighty smart,
But we doan belebe it. [*Bass, etc.*
Fer de cullud race he hab no heart,

But some folks doan belebe it. [*Bass*, No, dey doan belebe it.
He'll soon get busted, *dat* we know;
Fer de Lincum sojers ain't so slow;
An' when Jeff die he'll go below,
Ole Satan he belebe it. [*Bass*, De debil he belebe it.
[*Chorus.*

(*The last verse should be used as an encore.*)

CURTAIN.

UP.



DOWN.

ACT II.

SCENE.—*Parlor at home of* GRACE WOOD. *Table,* C., *piano or organ,* L. C., *cord and tassels fastened loosely to piano spread, so that they may be easily detached; large easy-chair,* R. U. E., *in which* CAPTAIN DANVERS *is discovered sitting as curtain rises.* MRS. WOOD *sits near,* C., *in sewing or easy-chair, with some light work. The left arm of* CAPTAIN DANVERS *should be heavily bandaged and in a sling. The parlor effect should be made up in the usual way to appear tasty and home-like.*

CAPTAIN DANVERS. Mrs. Wood, do you not tire of these desolate surroundings?

MRS. WOOD We do indeed, captain. Our home is in Memphis, but we moved here thinking it would be more safe; and, on the contrary, we have been in constant fear ever since we came. My husband purchased this place some time before the war.

CAPT. D. Is it a fact that your husband is in the Southern army?

MRS. W. Yes, sir; my husband and eldest son. They were compelled to enlist in the Confederate army, in order to secure safety to us.

CAPT. D. We find many loyal-hearted men fighting against the old flag because of the danger thrown around their loved ones should they refuse or speak their true sentiments.

MRS. W. God grant this cruel war may soon cease, and North and South be again united!

CAPT. D. Yes; I hope it may be so. This has been an eventful week to me. It was a lucky star that guided me here after that battle.

MRS. W. I can assure you, Captain Danvers, that you have been a welcome guest. I am only sorry we were not able to make you more comfortable.

CAPT. D. You do yourself a great injustice, Mrs. Wood. I have had no cause to complain. My only regret now is the fact that I must soon leave these pleasant rooms and take my chances within the dingy walls of the hospital.

MRS. W. Why is that necessary, captain? You are quite welcome to remain here till you are well.

CAPT. D. When Captain Lucas called to see me yesterday he said they expected moving orders soon, and of course I must go with my regiment.

Mrs. W. But, captain, you are not strong enough to stand the fatigue of transportation.

Capt. D. Oh, I am feeling quite well again, and of course my duty is with the command. There is a matter of which I wish to speak, Mrs. Wood, for fear that sudden orders may prevent another opportunity. I hope you'll not think me too presuming on short acquaintance when I beg leave to correspond with your daughter. I feel that to you and her I owe my life, and after this cruel war is over I hope to be better acquainted.

Mrs. W. Captain Danvers, I believe you to be a true-hearted gentleman, and one whom we may feel proud to call our friend. I see nothing inconsistent in your writing to Grace if you have her consent. Of course you will bear in mind that we are under the eye of Southern rule, and should it become known to our enemies that we are receiving letters from a Union officer, our position might become very embarrassing.

Capt. D. I have taken all these difficulties into consideration, and will be governed accordingly.

Enter Charley Wood, c.

Chas. Oh, mother, I have just been down to where the Seventy-third Ohio Volunteers are camped, and who do you suppose I saw there? (*Spies* Captain Danvers.) Why, Captain Danvers, I didn't see you. Excuse me, will you?

Capt. D. You are quite excusable, Charley.

Mrs. W. Who did you see, my son?

Chas. Daniel May, our old friend from Ohio.

Mrs. W. I have heard you speak of Mr. May's people.

Chas. Why, how stupid I am! I was living with grandpa when I made their acquaintance. They were his neighbors. But, mother, I have some more news that I am afraid won't please you.

Mrs. W. You alarm me, Charley; what is it?

Chas. (*kneeling at her side*). Oh, don't be frightened, mother, it isn't so serious as you think! Captain Lucas said I could go with them as a drummer boy, if you didn't object.

Mrs. W. (*throwing arms around his neck*). Charley Wood, what are you thinking of?

Chas. You know I can beat a drum nicely, and I showed the captain how well I could do. They have a splendid drum there, and they told me the boy who beat it was killed by a piece of shell from the rebel artillery on Lookout Point.

Mrs. W. And would you think of leaving mother and sister all alone with no protector?

Chas. God would protect you and Sister Grace, and I may be able to do lots of good, if I *am* only a boy.

Mrs. W. (*stroking his hair*). You are a noble-hearted little

man, but I could never think of parting with you. What would mother do in this terrible struggle without her Charley?

CAPT. D My boy, you are built of the right kind of metal for a good soldier, but you are too young to stand the hardships of war. It looks very inviting to you now, but after you have marched a hundred and fifty miles in cold and rain, with only the wet ground for a bed and a frozen blanket for covering, hard tack for supper and breakfast, you will feel less enthusiastic.

CHAS. That is not a very encouraging picture, indeed. But, Captain Danvers, did you form the opinion that I wished to go for the good of my health?

CAPT. D. I presume you have weighed these matters, my lad, but experience is still the only correct teacher. (*Door-bell rings.*)

MRS. W. Charley, will you go to the door?

CHAS. Yes, ma'am. [*Exits*, C.

MRS. W. Excuse me, captain, and I will look after tea.

[*Exits*, L. U. E.

Enter CHARLEY WOOD, *with letter*, C.

CHAS. Captain Danvers, one of your soldiers is at the door, and wishes an answer to this letter. (*Gives letter.*)

CAPT. D. Did he give his name?

CHAS. Yes, sir; Corporal Casper Montgomery.

CAPT. D. Ask him to remain in the library for a few minutes, and I will see him. [CHARLEY *exits*, C.

CAPT. D. (*opens and reads letter aloud*).

My dear Captain Danvers:

I have just returned from abroad, and learned of Captain Bookwalter's death and of your misfortune. I have a bit of news which I wish to communicate to you in person, as it concerns you only. If you are able to walk out, come to the grove just east of here to-morrow noon, not later, as my time is limited. Please answer by the bearer, and oblige

Yours for the right,

GEORGE WEBB.

CAPT. D. Well, I haven't the remotest idea what our spy can have in store for me, but I'll be there, for Mr. Webb never talks that way unless it means something of importance. I will see the corporal and send an answer to George. (*Puts letter in coat-pocket, which he leaves hanging on back of chair, then exits*, L. C.)

Enter DICK RYON *cautiously*, R. C., *wiping face with handkerchief.*

RY. Well, that's the warmest place I've been in for a long time, our engagement on Lookout Creek not excepted; but I

may find a warmer reception than that closet before I am well out of this. The first thing on the programme is to find the letter which I heard that amiable Yankee reading. (*Feels in coat pocket and finds letter.*) I've been around camp for a long time trying to get a clip at George Webb, the Union spy, and this letter is the key to his whereabouts; and if I can get the drop on him, I'll return to General Bragg and receive my reward. I wish I might do up this Captain Danvers. The fact that he has won the love of her who spurns me makes my blood boil. I wonder if there is anything more in that coat worth taking? (*Feels in coat again and finds stiletto.*) Ah ha! What's this? The captain's stiletto. (*Looks closely at it.*) It's a bright little thing. Wouldn't it be a bright idea to take it along to use on George Webb? Pistols make too much noise. (*Puts knife in pocket.*) But I must not be found here alone. I'll go to the front door and call for Grace Wood. I must remind her that she is treading on dangerous ground. [*Exits*, R. C.

Enter JUMBO, C., *with market-basket. Looks cautiously around.*

JUM. Dis yar mus' be de place, kaze Massa Geary say so. It doan peer like dar am any one roun' about heah. (*Walks around, looking at pictures, etc., making such comments as his wit will suggest.*)

Enter GRACE WOOD, L. U. E., *and stands looking at him.*

GRACE WOOD. What do you want here, sir?

JUM. (*starting*). Oh Lawd, yo' mos' skere de bref outen me!

GRACE. Who admitted you to this room?

JUM. I jes' admitioned myself, honey; dar wasn't any pusson roun' ter say come in, so I jes' appropriated de impulse ob de moment an' marched my foces inter de fort what had been vaxinated by de—by de—by de family. Yo' see, honey, de gineril sen' me wid some chickins fer de cap'n.

GRACE. Oh, is that it? Well, you are quite excusable. I will take them to the kitchen. Will you wait for the basket?

JUM. (*giving basket*). Yas, missus; I'll stay right heah till yo' come back.

GRACE. Did the general send any message to Captain Danvers?

JUM. Jes' de mess ob chickins, dat's all.

GRACE. I will return soon. [*Exits*, L. U. E.

JUM. (*sitting in easy-chair*, R.U.E.). Golly now, ain't dis yar fine? An' warn't dat white gal sweet as de shugar kane? Did yo' see dat gal smile on dis coon? Guess she knows I belong ter de Punkin Blossom Club.

Enter CHARLEY WOOD, C., *followed by* RYON. *Supposes it to be* CAPTAIN DANVERS *in chair, but must not look at* JUMBO *till after first lines.*

CHAS. Captain Danvers, let me make you acquainted with our old friend— (*Discovers mistake.*) Who are you and what are you doing in this room?

JUM. Hole on now, yo' white boy; doan yo' go fer ter git too fas' till ye know who yo'ze spokin' at. Doan yo' see what I'ze doin'? I'ze keepin' dis yar chair warm. (*To* RYON.) Say, yo' white man, ain't yo' de fellah what kick me outen de gineril's fourquarters dat oder day? (*Rises.*)

RY. (*sitting on sofa,* R.). I never saw you before.

Enter GRACE, L. U. E., *with basket, which she gives to* JUMBO. *Then speaks to* RYON.

GRACE. Good-morning, Mr. Ryon; I am quite surprised to see you here. (RYON, *rising, offers his hand to* GRACE, *who turns her face toward* JUMBO, *and pretends not to see the move.*)

JUM. (*going,* C.). De gineral say how am de cap'n?

GRACE. Tell the general the captain is doing nicely. Charley, let him out of the side gate, will you? (CHARLEY *follows* JUMBO *out,* C.)

RY. Grace!

GRACE. Miss Wood, if you please, Mr. Ryon.

RY. Very well, if that is your wish. I understand you are making a Yankee hospital of your home.

GRACE. A wounded Union officer is our guest for a few days.

RY. Suppose your father should learn that his doors were open to Yankee guests.

GRACE. Mr. Ryon, what does it signify to you whether my father be pleased or otherwise? And, by the way, how does it happen that you are wearing a Yankee uniform?

RY. I donned them to please you.

GRACE. Then please me by changing back to the gray, for none but true, honest hearts should beat beneath a coat of blue.

RY. Be careful, Miss Wood, that your loyalty to the North doesn't reach the ears of your Southern friends.

GRACE. Southern friends, indeed! And what of yourself, sir. Are you playing the spy?

RY. Grace Wood, there was a time when you claimed to return my love and greeted me with a smile always.

GRACE. Too true; and thought you were a gentleman.

RY. You mean you loved me until you found I would not turn against Southern rights; then you spurned me. Now I have changed my views and joined the Yanks for your sake. Will you receive me back again?

GRACE. Never! A turn-coat is not worthy of woman's affection.

RY. Grace, will you drive me mad?

GRACE. Mr. Ryon, when you were here last we settled this matter once for all, and whatever you say will avail nothing. Oblige me by not calling here again.

RY. Miss Wood, you will repent this day's work in sackcloth and ashes. You think you have this matter all your own way. I will repay you with compound interest.

GRACE. For shame, Mr. Ryon! None but a coward would threaten an unprotected woman in this manner; but I do not fear you in the least.

RY. Are you aware that I have the power to have you and your people put under arrest and your property confiscated for harboring a Yankee?

GRACE. Do it! And in person I will report you to General Geary as being a Southern spy and one of Wheeler's raiders.

RY. (*seizing her by wrist*). By the heavens above, woman, but open your lips to any one, and your life will pay the forfeit!

GRACE. Unhand me, sir!

RY. Never, unless you swear to keep secret what I confided to you when I supposed you were my friend.

GRACE. I shall call for help if you do not unhand me this instant.

RY. (*producing knife*). If you do it will be your last. Now listen. Captain Danvers is your new lover. If you value his life and your own swear that, let come what will, you will keep my secret.

During the above SISTER ALICE *enters softly*, L. C., *and holds revolver back of his head.*

SISTER A. If you value your life, go at once, and never show your cowardly face on these premises again. (RYON *turns his head slowly till he sees the pistol, then drops* GRACE'S *hand.*)

RY. I beg pardon.

SISTER A. (*sternly*). Not a word, sir. Go! (*Points to* C.)

RYON *exits quickly*, C. GRACE *turns, and laying her head on* SISTER ALICE'S *shoulder sobs.*

SISTER A. You poor child! This excitement has completely unnerved you. What was he saying?

GRACE. Sit down, Sister Alice, and I will tell you all. (SISTER ALICE *sits in easy-chair down* C., *and* GRACE *kneels at her side.*) I became acquainted with Mr. Ryon in Memphis, where we lived before this dreadful war broke out. He was thought only as a friend of the family, and we all looked upon him as a pleasant gentleman. About a year ago he insisted

on paying his addresses to me, and as his manners were refined, I made no decided objections, until we moved here. Since that time he has shown his true colors—a traitor to his country—and we have been continually annoyed by his visits. I tried by gentle hints to make him understand that his calls were not pleasant to us. So I have told him in a more forcible manner that he must not come here again, when he flew into a passion and threatened my liberty.

SISTER A. Did he claim to you that he is a single man?

GRACE. He did. Do you know to the contrary?

SISTER A. I know his wife very well; her home is in Memphis.

GRACE. *What!* Is he a married man? What would the poor woman think of me?

SISTER A. Simply that you have been duped, like hundreds of our sex, by a fiend calling himself a man.

GRACE. I'm afraid he will do us harm; he was very, very angry.

Enter CHARLEY, C.

CHAS. Oh, Grace, what is the matter with Mr. Ryon? I met him down the road and asked him what was his hurry, and he told me to go to the devil.

GRACE (*rising*). I hope you didn't sauce him back, Charley?

CHAS. Oh, no. I just asked him to let me know on what days he would be at home to callers, and I would think about it.

GRACE. Why, Charley Wood!

CHAS. (*taking her hand coaxingly*). Oh, Grace, I want to go for a drummer boy in Captain Lucas's company! Won't you try and persuade mother that you and her can get along all right without me?

GRACE. Why, Brother Charley, have you lost your mind? You certainly don't mean a word of it?

CHAS. Was never more serious in my life, Grace. They want a drummer boy, and I want the situation.

GRACE. You know, Charley, mother would never give her consent. Only think, you are just out of your aprons. What could you do?

CHAS. (*dropping her hand indignantly*). I could beat the drum, and if that didn't kill the rebs, I'd give a dinner party and feed them on some of your biscuit.

[*Exits*, C., *in a very dignified manner.*

GRACE. Did you ever hear of such impudence? I can't blame him much; he doesn't like to be called a child.

Enter CAPTAIN DANVERS, C.

CAPT. D. Ah, ladies, do I intrude?

GRACE (*rising*). Not in the least, captain; I will leave you to chat with Sister Alice while I assist mamma with dinner. By the way, captain, General Geary sent a colored man to inquire after your health, and he brought you some very fine fowls for your dinner.

CAPT. D. (*sitting in easy-chair*, R. U. E.). Indeed! It is very considerate of him. We will try and do justice to his generous donation.

SISTER A. (*rising*). Grace, allow me to assist your mother, while you remain and entertain the captain.

GRACE. Oh, no, Sister Alice ; keep your seat !

SISTER A. (*laughing*). Oh, but I insist !

[*Exits quickly*, L. U. E.

GRACE (*looking after her*). Captain, won't you come to my rescue ?

CAPT. D. On the contrary, I am rather glad that she carried the day. I haven't had a chance to speak with you to-day. I had a pleasant talk with your mother this morning, and I have her permission to correspond with you after I have gone away. May I have your consent, Grace ?

GRACE. I am always glad to receive a message from an absent friend, but, Captain Danvers, I would not dare to receive overtures from you, above all others.

CAPT. D. Have I deceived myself ? I supposed I read your language aright yesterday, and I flattered myself that you cared for me.

GRACE. Have you learned to the contrary ?

CAPT. D. Grace, although our acquaintance has been brief, yet I feel that when I go away from here I shall leave behind the only woman who can make my life happy.

GRACE. Please do not say that, Captain Danvers.

CAPT. D. And why not, Grace ? Am I intruding on the rights of another ?

GRACE. No, sir ; I am free to act as I like ; but there are other reasons why you should not express your love.

CAPT. D. I am aware of the fact that we have known each other too short a time to warrant this from me. But, Grace, I am liable to be called away soon, and I must say now what I would leave unsaid until you knew me better, were it possible.

GRACE (*sitting on stool beside* CAPTAIN DANVERS). Captain Danvers, your sojourn with us has been very pleasant to me, and I am very proud to feel that I have your love ; but for your sake I dare not return it.

CAPT. D. You are an enigma, Grace, that I fail to understand.

GRACE. I do not intend to be.

CAPT. D. Is it on account of your Southern friends ? I am a Unionist.

GRACE. My Southern friends would rejoice to see me happy.

What my enemies would do is quite the reverse. Even now, captain, I fear for your safety.

CAPT. D. For my safety?

GRACE. Yes; you are not safe for one moment under this roof.

CAPT. D. Who would harm me? We are inside the picket lines.

GRACE. Very true; but you may have an enemy even in your own ranks. Captain, I cannot explain myself more clearly at this time. Please do not ask me.

CAPT. D. Grace, I believe your fears are groundless; I hope so, at least. I certainly fear no enemy wearing the blue, and were it so, why should it interfere with our personal matters?

GRACE. I can only say, *be on your guard* for my sake, as well as your own.

CAPT. D. Grace, do you never fear for your own safety and that of your mother and brother?

GRACE. The word fear cannot give the faintest idea of the agony we have endured. We supposed when we left Memphis and came to this little hamlet that we were fleeing from danger to a place of safety. But the first night we were here the cottage was struck by a shell, and many, many nights since then we did not close our eyes. At one time we were visited by a foraging party of Wheeler's raiders and every morsel of food taken from us. Even our dinner—which we were then preparing—was confiscated, and for over one week we had nothing to eat but some popcorn which Charley chanced to have stowed away in an old trunk up in the garret. We dared not venture out-of-doors to procure either food or fuel. Such disastrous times are calculated to make the strongest hearts grow faint.

CAPT. D. You poor child; how I wish you and your friends were North until this cruel war is over! (*Feels in coat-pocket for letter, then looks surprised.*) Grace, has any one been in this room this afternoon except the family?

GRACE. Yes, sir; two persons—a colored man with the poultry and a man who was once our friend. Why, have you missed anything?

CAPT. D. Yes; an important letter is missing from this pocket. Was either of them alone here?

GRACE. Only the colored man. He waited here while I disposed of the contents and returned the basket. And, by the way, he was sitting in your chair when I came back from the kitchen. Can it be possible that he has taken it?

CAPT. D. It is certainly gone, and must be found, if possible. Will Charley take a note to General Geary from me?

GRACE (*rising*). Certainly. He always likes an excuse to visit the camp. I will go and find him. [*Exits*, C.

CAPTAIN DANVERS *takes note-book from pocket, tears out a leaf, and proceeds to write note, which he afterward folds ready for delivery.*

Enter SISTER ALICE, L. U. E.

SISTER A. Our dinner is ready, captain. Where is Grace?

CAPT. D. Just stepped out to find Charley. Sister Alice, that girl is a mystery.

SISTER A. (*laughing*). Some people love mysteries, captain.

CAPT. D. I do; that one, at least. What a pity that such a dear little body should be compelled to live in this land of war and bloodshed!

SISTER A. Yes; my heart aches for them.

CAPT. D. I wish it were in my power to take them away from here.

SISTER A. Captain, I'm afraid the wound in your arm isn't the only one you have received lately. I believe Cupid has been using you for a target.

CAPT. D. I confess the charge, Sister Alice. She is just the sweetest, dearest little woman I ever met; but when I even hint of the matter to her she bids me to be silent. There seems to be some obstacle in the way which prevents her from speaking her true feelings.

SISTER A. That is easily explained. The young lady has a would-be suitor who has sworn vengeance on the man who becomes his rival; and Grace feels for your safety, but doesn't like to worry you with the facts.

CAPT. D. Well that explains her language this morning. I'm glad, if this is all.

SISTER A. She would not thank me for telling you this; but really, captain, there are reasons why you should be on the alert.

CAPT. D. Oh, I have no fears! People who boast seldom carry out their threats. Do you know the fellow?

SISTER A. He was here only a short time since, and I heard him making some terrible threats to Grace.

CAPT. D. Is it possible? Well, I can't blame her for feeling alarmed.

Enter CHARLEY, C.

CHAS. Captain Danvers, Grace said you wished to see me.

CAPT. D. I wish you to take a message to General Geary, if you will.

CHAS. I shall be delighted to do so, captain.

CAPT. D. (*giving letter*). We will have dinner before you go.

GRACE (*at* C.). Aren't you people coming to dinner? Mamma says it's waiting.

CAPT. D. (*rising*). Yes; we must not slight the general's chickens. [*All exit*, L. U. E.

After a pause rapping heard outside, C.; *then* JUMBO *puts head in and calls.*

JUM. Say, dar, yo' white folkses, why doan yo' say come in? By golly, I guess dey am all gone agin. (*Motions to some one outside.*) Come in har, yo' ole hibernicum snoozer. (*Enters, followed by* PAT O'HARRA.)

PAT. Phat in blazes de ye want to bring me intil here fer whin the gintry are out? Be gorry, av ye git me in trouble Oi'll be the dith av ye.

JUM. Make yo'self to home, hibernicum, till de white folkses aribe. (*Sticks up his nose toward* L. U. E.) Guess dey am eatin' fried chickin out dar. By golly, I can smell 'em bref.

PAT (*sitting*, R. C.). Hould yer jaw, ye black divil, it's ashamed Oi am to be caught in yer company.

JUM. (*looking through the corner of his eye at* PAT). Look heah now, yo' white man, doan yo' go fo' ter pesticate me dat way, kaze I'ze a bad niggah if yo' git me mad.

PAT. Och, may the divil fly away wid yer. Av ye don't moind yer manners Oi'll report yez to the court-marshal, be-dad.

Enter CAPTAIN DANVERS, *followed by* GRACE, L. U. E. CAPTAIN DANVERS *has his napkin on, as if just from dinner.*

CAPT. D. What is all this racket about?

PAT. (*saluting*). The haythen nayger wouldn't hould his jaw, sor.

JUM. He war pesticating me, boss.

CAPT. D. Shut up, sir! Who gave you fellows the liberty to come in here in this sly manner?

PAT. The nayger, sor, said he war a friend av the family.

CAPT. D. (*to* GRACE). Excuse me, Grace, perhaps I am assuming too much authority.

GRACE. He is the person who came with the chickens this morning. I never saw him before that.

CAPT. D. Oh, this is the fellow who was alone in the room. Will you please say to Charley that he need not carry the note, as it was in regard to this fellow. (GRACE *exits*, L. U. E.) What do you fellows want here, anyway?

PAT. The gineril sint the nayger wid a lether fer yez this mornin', an' the big booby didn't have brains enough to deliver the same till ye, so he sint mesilf to bring the lether, an' the ould varmint to show me the way. (*Gives letter.*)

JUM. (*shaking fist at* PAT). I done broke yo' jaw when I

kotch yo' out, yo' lyin' debil. Spoze I'ze gwan ter put up wid yo' pestications any mo'? No, sah; I'ze gwan ter—

CAPT. D. (*quickly interrupting him*). Shut up! (*Sits in easy-chair*, R. U. E.) Are you the chap that brought the fowls this morning?

JUM. No, sah; I brung de chickins.

CAPT. D. Did you sit in this chair when here this morning?

JUM. Yas, sah; I did, sah.

CAPT. D. Did you have your hands in this coat?

JUM. No, sah; I hab my hans in my own coat.

CAPT. D. What, sir! Do you deny it?

JUM. I clar to goodness, boss, I nebber did see dat coat afore.

PAT. Bedad, gineril, Oi belave the divil be lyin' till ye. Oi can see 'im blush.

CAPT. D. I think I had better search you.

JUM. All right, sah; yo' won't fine nuffin' dat belong to yo'. (CAPTAIN DANVERS *proceeds to search him, and finds no letter. Business of searching can be made very amusing, if* JUMBO *has very large and deep pockets, and plenty of them, well filled with odds and ends, several old army revolvers, old razors, a lot of hardtack, etc., etc.; at last* CAPTAIN DANVERS *fishes out a mammoth tuning-fork fifteen or twenty inches long.*)

CAPT. D. What is this?

JUM. Sho' now, doan yo' know what dat am? It am a tunin'-fork.

CAPT. D. A what?

JUM. A tunin'-fork, sah, what we pitch de tunes wid. Yo' see, boss, I belong ter de Punkin Blossom Club.

CAPT. D. Well, pick up this rubbish and pitch yourself out of here. (JUMBO *picks up stuff and puts it back in pockets.*)

Enter GRACE, L. U. E.

GRACE. Captain, cannot these men wait while you finish your meal?

CAPT. D. I am done with them, I think. (*Looks at letter.*) Yes, this letter requires no answer. You fellows may return to camp. Excuse me, Grace; I will finish my dinner.

[*Exits*, L. U. E.

GRACE (*to* PAT). Are you one of General Geary's men?

PAT. That Oi am, mum; an' a foine lad the gineril be, too.

GRACE. Would you mind staying here on guard till morning if I get permission from the general?

PAT. Oi wadn't moind shtayin' here av Oi had me ould gun along.

GRACE. You won't need any gun. All I wish is that you sleep in the kitchen and see that no one comes prowling around during the night.

PAT. All roite, mum; Oi'll shtay.

JUM. Yo'd bettah hide de fried chickin, missus, if dat ole snoozer stay in dar.

PAT. Hould yer jaw, sor, ye black varmint.

GRACE (*giving letter to* JUMBO). Will you take this note to General Geary direct ?

JUM. Yas, missus, I'll tote it right up dar imigiately. Say, missus, doan yo' want anoddah niggah to sleep in de kitchen?

GRACE. No. You two would kill each other before morning.

JUM. (*going* C.). Guess dat am a fac', missus. Dis chile doan like dat ole hoss-fly. [*Exits*, C.

GRACE (*to* PAT). Come with me and I'll show you around to the kitchen, where you can have supper.

[*Exits*, C., *followed by* PAT, *who speaks aside as he is leaving.*

PAT. Patrick O'Harra, ould boy, yez in luck. Here goes fer a square male, bedad.

After a pause enter CHARLEY *at centre in a great state of excitement ; throws hat in the air and yells loudly.*

CHAS. Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah ! Where is everybody ? Hurrah for—for hurrah ! (*Throws hat again and capers about. He need not confine himself entirely to the words as written, but keep up a continual racket, as suits him best; but don't forget to get in as many hurrahs as possible.*)

Enter MRS. WOOD, *followed by* CAPTAIN DANVERS *and* SISTER ALICE. *All are greatly amazed.*

MRS. W. Why, Charley Wood, what is the matter with you?

CHAS. (*throwing up hat*). Best news of the season ! Hurrah !

MRS. W. (*catching him by collar*). What do you mean ? Do you intend to drive us all wild ?

CHAS. (*trying to pull away*). Yes, I guess I do. No, I don't. Hurrah !

MRS. W. (*shaking him*). Stop this at once and tell us what you mean.

Enter GRACE, C.

GRACE. Why, what is the matter ? Is any one hurt ?

CHAS. Yes. The old traitor, Bragg, has had his feelings hurt ! Hurrah ! (*Tries to throw hat, but* MRS. WOOD *takes it away from him*).

SISTER A. Grace, I guess your brother is going insane.

GRACE (*seizing him by other arm*). Brother Charley, stop this yelling and tell us what is the matter.

CHAS. Father and brother Fred are coming home. Hurrah !

ALL. Coming home !

CHAS. Yes. They have deserted from the Southern army. Hurrah! (*Tries to get hat.*)

CAPT. D. Well, that is certainly good news. I don't blame the boy for celebrating.

MRS. W. How do you know this, my son?

CHAS. Roy Clough just came along and said he was in camp when they and a lot of others came over Lookout Creek to where the Thirty-third Massachusetts are camped. He had a long talk with father, and I'm going right down there and see them. (*Catches up hat and exits quickly*, C.)

MRS. W. (*runs quickly to door and calls after him*). Charley, Charley, come back and I will go with you. (*Coming back.*) It's no use. He has gone without overcoat or mittens. I can't blame him. Wish I were with him. Captain, do you suppose they will allow them to come home?

CAPT. D. Oh, certainly, though probably not before morning.

GRACE. Thank God, our prayers have been answered. Mother, would we dare walk down there to-night?

MRS. W. I was just thinking of the same thing, but I am afraid it would not be prudent so late at night.

CAPT. D. It would be a pretty long walk for you ladies, but if you decide to go I will escort you.

MRS. W. You are very kind, captain, but it would never do in your condition. No; we will wait till morning. We will hear from them when Charley returns.

[*Exits*, L. U. E., *followed by* SISTER ALICE.

CAPT. D. Grace, I am so glad that your father and brother are at last away from the rebel ranks.

GRACE. Yes, captain; Charley was right—it's the best news of the season. I shall be so happy to have you make their acquaintance.

CAPT. D. I am afraid I shall not have that pleasure, Grace. I have just received a note from General Geary asking me if possible to report to him to-morrow for marching orders.

GRACE. So soon! Why, captain, you are not sufficiently recovered, are you?

CAPT. D. (*taking her hand*). Grace, I do not mind that, but I had hoped you might know me better before I should be called away.

GRACE. I shall be very lonely when you are gone, and if you can manage to send me an occasional letter, I can assure you they will meet with a hearty welcome.

CAPT. D. (*kissing her hand*). Thank you, my dear girl! I shall strive to merit your friendship. How often do you mean by occasional?

GRACE (*laughing*). Oh, one a day if you have time to write them.

CAPT. D. And will you answer them all?

GRACE. If my pen and ink doesn't give out.

CAPT. D. Grace, I am proud of you, and at some future time, when this cruel war is over—

As he speaks the last word a loud report is heard outside, followed by a crash and strain from orchestra. At the first crash a flash-light should be made with powder off R. C., *just enough so that the smoke may come on the stage for effect.* GRACE *screams loudly.* CAPTAIN DANVERS *runs to* C. *and looks off* R.

CAPT. D. It's the compliments of the rebels on Lookout Mountain, I guess. A shell has struck the stable !

GRACE. Oh, Captain, I'm afraid our carriage pony is killed !

[*Exits quickly,* C., *followed by* CAPTAIN DANVERS.

After a pause the lights gradually lower, until the stage is semi-dark ; a distant clock is heard to chime the hour of twelve. Soft music. RYON *appears at* L. C., *and comes on very cautiously.*

RY. Well, thank fortune, they have retired. I've waited around outside until my feet are as cold as my heart. I see a shot has struck the barn and sent the family pony to kingdom come. (*Takes letter from pocket.*) Now, here's a shell of another kind, loaded for Captain Danvers. I'll put it right here in this coat, where I took the other out. (*Puts letter in* CAPTAIN DANVERS' *coat.*) Now, my dear Grace, when your lover is found with that letter on his person his name will be McGinty, and he will wish he were at the bottom of the seas. I wish I knew where the Yankee was sleeping; I'd slip in and give him a taste of his own knife. (*Goes to* C., *where he listens carefully.*)

PAT (*appears at* L. 1 E., *and looks at* RYON; *then speaks in a stage whisper*). Bedad! there be a dirthy blaguard in the missus' parlor. (*Rolls up sleeves.*) Oh ho, me lark, yer in danger av yer loife, fer Oi'm on til yer toime.

RY. I can hear some one breathing heavily, but blast my buttons if I can tell where it is.

PAT. Bedad! av Oi had me ould gun here Oi'd make 'im think it war loaded. (*Takes empty whiskey-bottle from his pocket and smells of it ; then looks in it.*) Be me soul, av thot had the load in it thot war there yisterday, Oi'd fire it intil his stomach, and begorra he'd be a dead mon. Maybe Oi can fool the varmint. (*Takes cord from piano cover, and holding bottle in right hand, like a pistol, creeps cautiously up behind* RYON *at* C. *Puts end of bottle against the back of* RYON'S *head, and speaks low, but sternly and distinct.*) Hould up yer hands, sor! An' av ye move yer jaw, Oi'll blow more brains outen yer ould head than ye iver had intil it, bedad.

RY. (*holding up hands*). Who are you ?

PAT (*taking pistol from* RYON'S *hip-pocket*). Hould yer jaw, sor. Put yer hands behind yer! (RYON *does so.*) Now, av yer shtir yer a dead corpus; de ye moind? (*Ties* RYON'S *hands.*) Now, turn around an' lit the gintry see the thavin' varmint thot ye air.

RY. (*turning around*). Oh, it's you, is it?

PAT. Bedad! did yer think it war Gineril Grant?

RY. (*patronizingly*). What are you doing here, Pat?

PAT. Bedad! didn't Oi give yer a hint av phat Oi war doin' here?

RY. It's all right, Pat; this is one on me. Come around to my tent to-morrow and get a drink.

PAT. (*striking an attitude*). De yer see onything grane in me eye?

RY. Curse you!

PAT. Now, thot sounds more loike yersilf, ould boy.

Enter SISTER ALICE *at* C.

SISTER A. What is the matter here?

PAT. Bedad, Sister, Oi found this dirthy blaguard snoopin' around here, so Oi jist stuck me ould whiskey-bottle bhoind his ear an' traded guns wid him. Ye needn't be afraid av the divil, Oi'v got his hands toied.

RY. You will pay dearly for this, you Irish devil.

PAT. Save yer foin compliments, me hearty.

SISTER A. Go to the camp and get two soldiers.

PAT. Phat will become av yersilf wid the divil?

SISTER A. Never mind me. Give me that weapon and go.

PAT. (*giving pistol*). All roite, mum. Moind yer oye.

RY. (*patronizingly*). Madam, while I admit that I am caught in a very embarrassing position, I assure you my motives for comiug here were only the best.

SISTER A. Silence, sir! I know why you are here. You had murder in your heart—jealous revenge.

RY. I came here to see Captain Danvers.

SISTER A. Too true. You came to end his life, but were foiled in your plans. Now, what can you expect in return? (*Raises pistol.*)

RY. Oh, madam, I beg of you!

SISTER A. Silence! Now, sir, why do you seek to intrude on this family? And what right have you to claim the love or even the respect of Grace Wood?

RY. Has a man no rights in this world?

SISTER A. Has he the right to wed and afterward desert the wife whose life he has blasted? Has God given him the right to forsake her, even while she is sick and destitute, and not only that, but take her jewelry? Speak, sir; have you done this?

RY. There is no use to argue this matter with you. You seem to be on to my time all right.

SISTER A. Isn't it true, sir, that you left your wife in Memphis, two years ago, without one farthing to buy bread or medicine, while you began at once trying to win the affections of that innocent girl?

RY. Well?

SISTER A. Speak, sir! Is that true?

RY. Y-e-s; there is no use to deny it.

SISTER A. (*raising pistol*). Then, sir, as "war to the knife" seems to be your motto and the way you have of settling your difficulties, ought I not, in avenging the wrongs of your deserted wife, mete out to you what you intended for Captain Danvers?

RY. (*cowering*). For God's sake, woman, don't shoot! I'm not fit to die.

SISTER A. (*lowering pistol*). I ought to end your earthly career; 'twould be a blessing to the world. But I'll give you one more chance, and let me warn you that if you are ever seen by me inside the Federal lines again, I'll point you out to General Grant as Dick Ryon, the rebel spy.

RY. (*starting*). What!

SISTER A. I know you, sir. Look to it that daylight does not find you within the Union lines. (*She unties his hands.*) About face, sir. (*He turns, facing back*, C.)

RY. Woman, it shall be as you command. I will leave this part of the world at once, and thank you for the privilege. May I ask to whom I am indebted for my liberty?

SISTER A. That, sir, does not signify. Escape while you may. (*Points to* C.) Go! (RYON *marches straight out* C., *turns square corner, military style, and vanishes left as curtain falls.* SISTER ALICE *remains pointing till closed in by curtain.*)

ACT III.

SCENE.—*Cut wood, showing Lookout Mountain in the distance. As curtain rises* GENERAL GEARY *is discovered writing on tablet, while an orderly holds his horse in the background. Staff and other soldiers standing or sitting around, conversing with each other in a low tone, that it may not interfere with the main parts.* GENERAL GEARY *finishes writing, tears off sheet, folds and hands it to one of staff.* (*Do not hurry.*)

GEN. G. Take this to General Shurz, and return with an immediate answer. (OFFICER *takes note and exits*, L. C.)

Enter COLONEL JONES, L. U. E.; *salutes* GENERAL GEARY.

COL. J. General Geary, I was over where the Seventy-third Ohio are camping this morning, and I saw our missing spy there.

GEN. G. George Webb? Good! I have been not a little concerned for his safety. (*Men all gather round and show eagerness to hear from* WEBB.) Gentlemen, this is good news. Our favorite scout and spy, George Webb, has returned alive and well. Did you speak with him?

COL. J. Yes, I had quite a chat with him. He has been with the rebel, General Longstreet, and reports that the wily old Southerner is on his way to Knoxville, where he expects to wipe out General Burnside's little army at a single stroke. Webb succeeded in sending the news ahead to Burnside at Knoxville; then he came over and entered the lines of General Bragg near Chattanooga. (*Takes paper from pocket and proceeds to point out to* GENERAL GEARY.) Here is a small map which Webb loaned me to show you the exact position of Bragg's army. You will notice that his rebel forces half encircle Chattanooga, and both his right and left rest on the Tennessee River. According to this diagram the old rebel holds Lookout Mountain, Chattanooga Valley, and Mission Ridge. Webb intimated to me on the quiet that Grant intends to attack Bragg's army, while it is materially weakened by the absence of Longstreet's forces.

Enter JUMBO, R. 1 E., *with large bag on his back, supposed to be filled with chickens. If he can carry one or two live ones in his hands, so much the better. He gets well on the stage, then stops, sees men and stops suddenly, as if frustrated.*

GEN. G. What have you got there, you black rascal?

JUM. Chickins, by golly.

GEN. G. Where did you get them ?

JUM. Got 'em up to de ole plantation. Didn't I done tole yo' I know whar dey roos'?

GEN. G. Well, sir, didn't I tell you not to let me catch you outside the picket lines again ?

JUM. Didn't kotch me, did yo', gineril ?

GEN. G. But didn't I tell you to never go outside the lines without permission from me ?

JUM. Yas, sah.

GEN. G. Then why did you disobey my orders ?

JUM. Didn't diserbay yo', boss; yo' tole dis yar niggah to go.

GEN. G. (*angry*). Do you intend to stand there and tell me a deliberate lie ?

JUM. No, sah; didn't I done ask yo' las' night ?

GEN. G. And what did I tell you ?

JUM. Yo' tole me ter go ter de debil, an' dat am my ole massa on de plantation, so I jes get my bag an' go out dar an' git some chickins.

GEN. G. Did you get all the poultry he had ?

JUM. Mos' all, gineril: one roostah an' four ole hen git erway. Den de big dorg wake up, an' I didn't wait to git 'em all.

GEN. G. Well, I'll let you off this time, but it must not happen more than once again.

JUM. I can git 'em all nex' time, gineril!

GEN. G. Go to headquarters now and dress some of them for dinner.

JUM. All right, boss, we'll hab fried chickin fo' dinnah. I stealed some buttah from massa's cellah.

GEN. G. All right, Jumbo, I'll forgive you.

JUM. Say, gineril, I'ze got some nice bacon in dis yar ole bag what ole massa hab hid in de groun'. Will yo' fogib me some moah ? [*Exits*, L. 1 E.

GEN. G. (*to* COLONEL JONES). Are the Seventy-third still camping on the hill they and the Thirty-third so nobly won ?

COL. J. No; the rebel battery on Lookout Mountain is so annoying that the boys have moved about half a mile down the hill toward Brown's Ferry.

GEN. G. Did Webb say what he expects to do next ?

COL. J. No, sir; he said he had been resting in camp for a couple of days, and would be over here by noon to-day.

GEN. G. (*looking at watch*). Well, he is liable to be at my quarters now; let us return. (*To orderly.*) You may bring my horse; I prefer to walk. (*Orderly salutes in answer, and leads horse off*, L. *All exit*, L.)

After a pause RYON *steps from behind a tree*, R. U. E., *and coming down, makes a mock salute in the direction the* GENERAL *has taken.*

RY. Thanks, gentlemen, for the information. General Bragg

will be glad to learn that Grant intends an attack soon. You had better examine the hollow trees before holding your private councils under their shade. Won't it be as good as a victory when I return and tell General Bragg that I have put a quietus on the lips of that stealthy Yankee spy, George Webb? There is no use of talking, I must close up my business in this part of Yankeedom and get out. I can dodge solid shot from big guns, shells, grape, and canister or minie-balls, but dern my buttons, when a woman vents her spite on me and unlimbers her tongue, I begin to feel weak in the knees. It's very evident she knew what she was talking about, but how in thunder she got my history down so fine is more than I can fathom.

Enter PAT., R. 1 E., *with gun. Sees* RYON *and stops.*

PAT. Hullo, there, ye auld booby. Phy didn't ye stop till the house there whoile Oi got the sojers?

RY. Because the lady found me to be a friend of the family and let me go. Where's that pistol you took from my pocket?

PAT. Bedad, av the lady found ye wor a friend av the family, phy didn't she give ye back yer auld pishtol!

RY. I suppose she thought it was yours, and when I came away I forgot to ask for it.

PAT. Well, sor, here's yer auld gun. It's no use to me whin Oi can capture a mon wid a whiskey-bottle. (*Gives pistol.*)

RY. (*taking pistol*). Thank you. Where do you belong?

PAT. Oi belong to home, sor, but Oi got grafted, and had to come till the war.

RY. Don't you like military life?

PAT. Whin the prowisions are good, Oi don't moind it; but whin a mon has nothin' to ate fer a whole wake but three hard tacks and a dozen kernils av coffee, excuse me, if ye plaze, sor.

RY. In what part of the camp do you stop?

PAT. Oh, O'im gineril roustabout at Geary's headquarthers.

RY. I wish you would promise me not to mention our difficulty of last night; will you?

PAT. Shure now, where's the harum, sor. It be only a good joke on yersilf.

RY. The joke was on you, old boy; you took me for a burglar.

PAT. So Oi did, sor, an' Oi've not changed me moind yit.

RY. (*angry*). You Irish fool, do you mean to insinuate that I am a thief?

PAT. Ye would be av ye were smart enough to shtale widout bein' caught.

RY. (*drawing pistol*). I've a mind to blow the top of your head off, you impudent pup.

PAT. All roight, sor ; av it be a duel ye want, Oi'm yer huckleberry. (*Steps back and raises gun.*)

RY. (*quickly raising pistol*). Take that for your impudence ! (*The pistol fails to go*).

PAT. (*laughing loudly*). Bedad, sor, yer auld pishtol be no good. Oi pulled the plugs all out mesilf.

RY. The devil you did !

PAT. Yis, sor ; an' now it's me turn. (*Raising gun.*) Moind yer eye.

RY. (*raising both hands*). For heaven's sake, man, don't shoot me !

PAT. Hould yer jaw, sor ; ye wad have shown no mercy to me if yer auld pishtol had wint off. Now, Oi'm goin' to pay ye off in yer own money, ye dirthy coward.

RY. (*dropping on knees*). Oh, sir, please don't shoot ! Think of my wife and family.

PAT. Does ye want ter leave ony word fer thim ?

RY. Please don't shoot ; they need my support. Think of your own loved ones.

PAT. Bedad, Oi have none since Biddy Bean wint back on me entoirely. (*Lowering his gun.*) Oi ought to have yer hide fer a scarecrow to warn all poor divils like you not to fool wid an Oirishman.

RY. Please let me go.

PAT. On one condition, sor.

RY. Yes ; what is it ?

PAT. That ye beg moy forgiveness, sor.

RY. Yes, yes ; I do, a thousand times.

PAT. Stand up, sor. Now, who be a dirthy divil (RYON *hesitates*, PAT *brings gun to his eye.*)

RY. I am.

PAT. Who be a gintleman, sor.

RY. You are.

PAT. Now, sor, yez may go, but moind ye, the nixt toime ye give me ony av yer lip Oi'll have this auld gun loaded, be jabers !

RY. What ! isn't that gun loaded ?

PAT. No, sir ; it's loike yer auld pishtol—no good.

RY. Curse you ! I'll be even with you yet.

PAT. Be aisy wid yer tongue now. Oi've heard av empty guns killing varmints loike yersilf. (*Takes a cartridge from pocket and tosses to* RYON.) There be the plug Oi tuk from yer pishtol, sor.

RY. Where are the other four !

PAT. In yer pishtol, sor. Good day, sor.

[*Shoulders gun and exits*, L. 1. E.

RY. (*stands spellbound looking at pistol*). Well, dern my buttons, if that ain't a fact ! Had I pulled on him again he would have been a dead Irishman. Knowledge is power sometimes,

but of late sad experience seems to be my teacher. Never mind, I may get a crack at that "bog trotter" before I leave here, and if I do he'll bite the dust. (*Looks off* R., *shading his eyes with hands.*) Ah ha! I'm in luck. Here comes George Webb, the Union spy. He must not see me here, for I think he's on to my time. (*Steps behind tree*, R. 2 E., *soft music. After a pause* GEORGE WEBB *enters*, R. 1 E., *close by tree, dressed in citizen's clothes. He saunters slowly along, looking at an open letter in his hand. When about four feet from tree* RYON *springs forward and strikes* WEBB *in back* [*supposed to be with knife*], *at same time exclaiming:* "Take that, you blasted Yankee spy!" WEBB *utters one cry*, "Oh!" *then falls on one knee, then to stage, face down, dead.* RYON *throws knife on ground beside* WEBB, *and takes letter from* WEBB'S *hand, looks closely at it, then puts it in pocket. At the same time that* RYON *stabs* WEBB, CHARLEY WOOD *comes on at* R. U. E., *and is an eye-witness to the whole and speaks as* RYON *puts letter in pocket.*)

CHAS. Mr. Ryon, none but a coward would stab a man in the back. I shall report you to General Geary.

RY. (*catching him by throat.*) You will, eh? I'll teach you to dog *my* tracks.

CHAS. (*trying to loosen* RYON'S *hands*). Oh, please don't! You will kill me. (*Struggles.*)

RY. I expect to kill you, you little devil. (*Pushes him back on ground.*)

CHAS. Oh (*struggles*) mother! (*Becomes unconscious.*)

RY. (*straightening up*). I didn't mean to kill the rascal, but there is one satisfaction; he won't ever squeal on me. (*Takes* CHARLEY *on shoulder, and exits*, R. U. E. *Soft music.*)

Enters CAPTAIN DANVERS, R. 1 E.; *discovers body.*

CAPT. D. What's this? A dead citizen! (*Picks up knife.*) Why, that looks like my knife! Great heavens, it is! there's my name on the blade! But why should it be here, and who is this poor, unfortunate man? (*Turns body over.*) Oh, God, it's Webb! (*Puts hand on heart.*) This is treachery. Speak, George, and tell me who has done this dastardly act!

Enter COLONEL JONES, L. C.; *stops short in surprise.*

COL. J. Why, Captain Danvers, is this you? For God's sake, what have you done? (CAPTAIN DANVERS *rises with knife still in his hand and stands, as if appalled, looking at the body. Starts as* COLONEL JONES *speaks again.*) Speak, sir! Why have you done this?

CAPT. D. Colonel Jones, have you the effrontery to even intimate that this is my work?

COL. J. Give me that knife, sir.

CAPT. D. I decline to do so.

COL. J. (*drawing sword*). I demand it. (CAPTAIN DANVERS *gives knife.*) Now your explanation of this affair.

CAPT. D. Colonel, you are laboring under a grave mistake. Before God, I deny having any hand in this foul murder or any knowledge of who was the perpetrator.

COL. J. (*looking at knife*). Your name is on this knife.

CAPT. D. Yes, sir; it is my stiletto.

COL. J. Have you loaned it to any one?

CAPT. D. No, sir; I never lend it.

COL. J. Isn't this the instrument which did that murder?

CAPT. D. I will explain what I know.

Enter RYON, R. 1 E., *with field-glass; speaks quickly.*

RY. So will I, sir. I saw this man strike George Webb in the back.

CAPT. D. 'Tis false! Who are you?

RY. Oh, it's no matter who I am! You can't bluff me; I saw you stab that man.

COL. J. Why didn't you interfere, sir?

RY. I was too far off.

COL. J. Where were you?

RY. (*pointing*, R.). On the summit of yonder hill, sir, looking through my glass.

CAPT. D. (*to* RYON). I am unarmed and unable to defend myself against your dastardly insults; but mind you, sir, I'll repay you with interest, whoever you are.

RY. (*snapping fingers at* CAPTAIN DANVERS). That for your braggart threats; I shall not screen you.

COL. J. (*to* RYON). Go and explain this matter to General Geary, and tell him I remain here subject to his orders.

[RYON *salutes and exits*, L.

CAPT. D. I will state this matter to the General myself. (*Starts to go*, L. COLONEL JONES *steps in front of him.*)

COL. J. On the contrary, sir, you will remain where you are till further orders.

CAPT. D. Colonel Jones, are you bereft of all reason, and do you think for a moment that I would kill my own friend? (*Kneels beside body.*) Oh, George, comrade, unclose those sealed lips and come to my rescue! (*Puts handkerchief to face and remains motionless for some time. Soft, low music.*)

Enter GRACE WOOD, R. 1 E. COLONEL JONES *raises hat.*

GRACE. Excuse me, sir. Do I intrude?

COL. J. No, madam. We have a very unfortunate occurrence.

CAPT. D. (*looking up*). Why, Grace, is it you? (*Rising.*)

GRACE (*coming to his side*). Captain Danvers, what has happened?

CAPT. D. (*putting arm around waist*). Some one has murdered my friend, Webb.

GRACE. Murdered! Oh, Captain, who can be the guilty wretch who has done this? Poor fellow!

CAPT. D. Grace, my dear girl, I dislike to tell you that I am accused of being the murderer.

GRACE. You! (*Throwing arms about his neck.*) Oh, Captain Danvers!

CAPT. D. Grace, I am innocent of the charge.

GRACE. All the world could not make me believe you guilty. You are too noble to commit an act so low. Who are your accusers? I will face them with you.

CAPT. D. (*pointing to* COLONEL JONES). There is one who believes me guilty.

GRACE (*to* COLONEL JONES). Will you oblige me with your proofs, sir?

COL. J. The evidence is very strong, madam; but I have neither time nor desire to parley with a woman.

GRACE. Which fact alone brands you as a coward!

CAPT. D. Please, Grace, say no more. I am in a critical condition, but hope to extricate myself after seeing my general. How did you happen here?

GRACE. We all came down to see father and brother, who with mother have gone home. I sent Charley to tell you to come home for early tea; I so want you to meet papa and Fred. Charley was gone so long that I came to find him. Have you seen him?

CAPT. D. No, I have not. And, my dear Grace, it will be impossible to grant your request after this unhappy event.

GRACE. Why, captain, they will not detain you, I am sure!

CAPT. D. I hope you predict right, Grace.

GRACE. General Grant has promised to send mother and Charley and myself North. Father and brother are to enlist in the Union army.

CAPT. D. That is good news, indeed, and almost causes me to forget my dilemma. When do you start?

GRACE. Papa said we would be ready by Monday; but I can never think of going while this cloud hangs over you.

CAPT. D. My dear girl, you could lend me no assistance, and I shall feel much more composed knowing you are safe from harm.

Enter JUMBO *with three other soldiers carrying a stretcher, which they lower beside the body.*

JUM. (*giving letter to* COLONEL JONES). Dis yar am from Gineril Geary, sah.

COL. J. (*reads aloud*).

Colonel Jones: See that the body of George Webb is

brought to my headquarters at once, and Captain Danvers placed under arrest and taken to the guard-house to await further examination on the charge of wilful murder.

GENERAL GEARY.

COL. J. (*to* CAPTAIN DANVERS). You hear this order, sir?

CAPT. D. Yes, sir. I am ready. (*Men put body on stretcher and stand ready for orders.*)

GRACE (*clinging to* CAPTAIN DANVERS). Oh, I cannot let them take you in this cruel, unsatisfactory manner! (*To* COLONEL JONES.) Colonel Jones, if you had one spark of manhood you would stand by the captain and help him to explain this matter. Please, sir, may I accompany you to General Geary? I am sure he will listen to reason.

COL. J. Sorry I can't grant the request, madam. (*To* CAPTAIN DANVERS.) Come, sir, are you ready?

CAPT. D. Yes, sir.

GRACE. Oh, captain, must it be so?

CAPT. D. I must go, dear; it is the general's orders. (*Kisses her forehead, then loosens arms.*)

GRACE. No, no, it must not be so! You are innocent. (*Places hand to head, then faints, but is held from falling by* CAPTAIN DANVERS.)

CAPT. D. Poor child, this is too much for your poor, tired nerves!

COL. J. (*to men*). Attention! (*Men lift stretcher*, COLONEL JONES *strikes a position*, C., *with finger pointing in direction of stretcher*, L. C. *To* CAPTAIN DANVERS, R. C.) Captain Danvers, fall in and follow the body of your victim to headquarters. (*Picture.*)

CURTAIN.

ACT IV.

SCENE.—*Headquarters of* GENERAL GEARY, *either in the same old shop, or it may be in front of a large tent showing from left side of stage, and showing landscape background, and field of tents on back drop, one or two of the nearest tents to be real ones, made to match the painted ones, with soldiers sleeping here and there by the tents; camp-fire, etc., camp stools, table, etc., as in Act I. As curtain rises* PAT *is discovered drilling* JUMBO *and the other colored people in manual of arms. They stand in line on left of stage, facing* R. PAT *in front of them,* R.

PAT. Now, thin, come to attintion.

JUM. Yas, sah; we is.

PAT. Shoulder arms, sor! (JUMBO, *who stands at order arms, brings his gun up as one would shoulder an axe, and as he does so the butt strikes* PAT *on the nose, who drops sword and puts both hands to his face. He should have small sponge ready in palm of his left hand saturated with red liquid or carmine, which will smear his nose and face like blood.*) Och, ye black haythen fool, Oi've a moind to break yer jaw, so Oi am!

[*Exits,* L., *holding nose.*

JUM. (*looking after him, and stepping out* R., *where* PAT *had stood, picks up sword*). Dat ole snoozer doan know nuffin' 'bout dis yar business. De place fer a officer am behine a tree ef he doan want ter git hurt. Now, gemen, I show yo' how ter use de gun accawdin' ter de military taxes. De fust odah I gib ter am, Take down youah guns! (*They lower their guns to order arms.*) Dat am splendiferous. Now, de nex' word I pronounce ter yo' am (*goes to extreme* R. *of stage, as if afraid of getting hurt, and calls*), Shoulder guns, sah! (*They shoulder as at first,* JUMBO *coming back.*) Now, dat am good, an' nobody hurt. Now, de nex' commandment am, Ally man lef'! Now put youah gun on de oder side ob youah head, like dis. (*Shows with sword. They imitate.*) Now den, Present youah guns! Stick em out, like yo' war gwan ter gib em ter me. (*They do so.*) Oh, I doan want 'em! Yo' jes' hole 'em dar. Now, Uncover! Dat means take 'em back by de side ob ye. (*They do so.*) Now, den, Round about face! (*They turn, some facing the audience and some the back of stage.*) No, sah; dat ain't right. (*Turns them all to face back.*) Now, when I pronounce de commandment, Squar' about face! yo' mus' all turn right de oder way. Now, den, Squar' about face! (*They face about to audience.*) Now, Watch

youah gineril! Roun' about face! (*They turn square about, facing back.*) Dat's good. Now, Forward, march! (*They march to back of stage.*) Cross ober! (*They turn and cross to* R.) Swing youah pardners! (*They turn and march down front.*) Swing agin! (*They turn and march across to centre front.*) Stop! (*They halt.*) Now, den, Honah youah pardner. (*They all face audience.*) Git ready! Take aim! Fiah! (*As* JUMBO *calls the word "fire," the quartette should be ready to sing immediately, re covering their guns at the first word.*)

Hail to de cap'n!
We'ze in de line ob battle.
Doan ye heah de cannon boom?
Doan ye heah de bullets rattle?
Doan ye heah de dogs a comin'?
We will shoot 'em froo an' froo.
An' we'ze gwan ter steal de chickins
Fer ter feed de boys in blue.

They face left as they sing chorus, march to left side, then turn and march up to back of stage, then to C., *when all turn front and march down four abreast to front of stage.*

Chorus.

Den, tramp, tramp, tramp,
We am de Punkin Blossoms;
We'ze gwan ter lebe de cotton fields,
Likewise de coon an' possum;
We'ze gwan to learn to fight wid guns,
Dat's jes' what we'ze about,
An' we'll tramp all ober Dixie
Till we whip de rebels out.

Hail ter Massa Linoum,
Who will liberate de niggahs.
Hail to Massa Gineril Grant,
Who smokes de bes' of sigers!
Hail ter de boys in blue!
Dey nebber hab no feah,
Kaze dey belong to de Sebenty-third
Ohio Volunteers. [*Chorus.*

March the same as before, except to halt when coming down the stage four abreast, in centre, and each one faces to a corner of the stage, and at a signal given by JUMBO, *who stands up* C., *they each march to a corner and inward face, as if on guard, where they remain till end of scene.*

Enter GENERAL GEARY *and staff.* GENERAL GEARY *sits at table, and staff sit or stand at will.*

GEN. G. (*to orderly*). Go to the guard-house and bring Captain Danvers to me. [*Orderly salutes and exits*, L. C.

Enter COLONEL JONES, L. C.; *salutes.*

GEN. G. Colonel, have you the letter which you found in the Captain's possession?

COL. J. Yes, sir. I have the letter and also the knife. (*Lays both on table.*)

GEN. G. Colonel, I wish you would read that letter to these gentlemen.

COL. J. (*takes up letter and reads aloud*).

LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN, October 4, 1863.

To Captain Danvers, U. S. A.

DEAR SIR AND FRIEND: I have just learned of your being wounded, and shall not expect our interview to take place as we had planned. However, I am going to ask your assistance in a seemingly small matter, though of great moment to me and my army. There is connected with Grant's army, and I think located with the Seventy-third Ohio, one George Webb, now acting as a Federal spy. Said Webb manages, in some adroit manner, to enter our lines every few days and carry back to the Federals valuable information of our plans, to our great detriment and discomfiture. He has been captured by my men several times, but manages in some way to slip through our fingers each time. Fully appreciating the favors from you in the past, we wish to draw on your generosity once more by asking you to down, in whatever way you think most proper, this wily Yank, who is such a source of annoyance to us, at the same time reassuring you that your efforts in that direction will be highly appreciated and richly rewarded by the Confederate Government.

Hoping you may see your way clear to assist us, I remain, as ever,

Your true friend,

MAJ.-GENERAL BRAXTON BRAGG, C. S. A.

P.S.—Please receipt to bearer for this letter, that we may know it reached you in safety. B. B.

GEN. G. What explanation does Danvers make to that letter?

COL. J. He claims to have no knowledge of the letter or how it came in his possession.

GEN. G. I am astonished at these terrible proceedings. I would have staked my honor on the integrity of Captain Dan-

vers. When such men as he turn traitors, who can we trust? I hope the Captain will be able to throw some light on the subject and exonerate himself.

Enter orderly, L. C., *followed by* CAPTAIN DANVERS, *who salutes* GENERAL GEARY, *who, in turn, motions him to a seat other side of table.* CAPTAIN DANVERS *sits.*

GEN. G. (*after a long pause*). Captain Danvers, these are grave charges brought against you. What have you to say for yourself?

CAPT. D. May I ask who preferred these charges and what are they?

GEN. G. Captain Danvers, you are charged by Colonel Jones with the wilful murder of George Webb, and with treason in assisting the enemy and receiving incendiary letters from rebel commanders.

CAPT. D. (*rising*). General, I most emphatically deny the whole charge, and request that you proceed at once with the alleged proof.

GEN. G. (*to orderly*). Go, summon Lawrence DeWitt; you will find him at Captain Luca's tent. (*Orderly exits*, L. C.) Colonel Jones, what knowledge have you of this crime?

COL. J. (*rising*). On Tuesday of last week, I started to go over to where the Thirty-third Massachusetts are camped, and when passing through the timber just east of the trenches, I came suddenly upon this man, Captain Danvers, kneeling beside the dead body of George Webb. In one hand he held this knife (*points to or picks up knife from table*), still dripping with the life blood of the murdered man, while with the other hand he was searching the inner pockets of Webb's coat. This knife, as you will see, has the name of Captain Danvers on the handle. (*Sits.*)

GEN. G. Captain Danvers, what have you to say of this letter which Colonel Jones found in your possession, and also these charges as preferred by him?

CAPT. D. (*rising*). General, I have no knowledge of where that letter came from or how it chanced to be found in my possession. I admit that he found it in the pocket of my coat. I also admit that he found me kneeling by the body of Webb, but I deny that I was searching his pockets. I was trying to ascertain if his heart had ceased its beating.

GEN. G. Did you have the knife in your hand, as was stated?

CAPT. D. Yes, sir; that is true. I had just picked it up from the ground, and was greatly surprised to find it was my own stiletto, which I supposed was in my pocket. General, there is some deep treachery somewhere.

GEN. G. So I perceive by the contents of this letter.

Enter orderly with RYON, L. C., *who crosses and sits*, R. C. RYON *should show signs of nervousness.*

CAPT. D. I know no more of the origin of that letter than you do. It's my opinion that there's a scheming devil somewhere in this matter, who is trying to ruin me.

GEN. G. We will listen to any theory you may advance, Captain. No one would feel more gratified than I to see you exonerated from these charges, though frankly, Captain Danvers, judging from what I have seen and heard, I believe you to be guilty of both murder and treason, as charged. (*To* RYON.) Mr. DeWitt, what do you know of this matter?

RY. I was returning from the errand on which you sent me, and while on the summit of the first hill toward Brown Ferry, and looking over the country with my glass, I espied a Union soldier and a man in the garb of a citizen, who were gesticulating as if in a quarrel. Suddenly I saw this man draw a knife from under his coat, and strike the other in the back as he was turning to leave. I immediately ran down to the scene, and on my arrival I found this man (*pointing to* CAPTAIN DANVERS) kneeling beside the body of his victim, still holding the knife with which he had committed the deed. Colonel Jones had reached the place before me, and was talking to the murderer when I arrived.

CAPT. D. Are you sure, sir, that I am the man whom you saw quarrelling with the citizen while looking through your glass?

RY. I am, sir; and I remember distinctly seeing that bandage on your arm.

GEN. G. (*to* RYON). What did you say to him on your arrival?

RY. I told him I had been an eye-witness to his crime. He denied the fact, and demanded to know who I was. Then Colonel Jones sent me to you.

GEN. G. Captain Danvers, what do you say in answer to this testimony?

CAPT. D. Simply, sir, that it is a base fabrication, and I insist on knowing who is this witness.

GEN. G. His name is Lawrence DeWitt; further than that we have reasons for not enlightening you. Have you anything further to say in your own defence?

CAPT. D. General, I have stated all I know of this matter; fate seems to be against me. I can only repeat that I am innocent of this crime.

GEN. G. (*rising*). Captain Danvers, we ought to make an example of you by hanging you to the first tree. The evidence against you is conclusive, and I shall send you to Washington at once to be dealt with according to the laws of our country. Colonel Jones, place this man under a strong guard, and see

that no one is allowed to communicate with him till further orders.

Enter PAT, L. C.; *salutes.*

PAT. Av ye plaze, gineril, there be a lady outside phat wants to spake wid yer highness.

GEN. G. Tell the lady I will see her presently.

[PAT *exits*, L. C.

CAPT. D. General, I hardly know what to say of this affair. The evidence certainly places me in a very unfavorable light, without the shadow of a chance to establish my innocence.

Enter GRACE WOOD, L. C.

GRACE. Please excuse me, general, for entering unbidden. My object is to furnish proof of Captain Danvers' innocence. (*As* GRACE *enters*, RYON *turns his face away to conceal his identity, and should appear more nervous as the evidence against him deepens.*)

GEN. G. Then you are a welcome visitor, Miss Wood. Please be seated.

GRACE. Thank you; I prefer to stand. Is it true that you believe Captain Danvers to be the assassin who killed George Webb?

GEN. G. We do. Have you evidence to the contrary?

GRACE. I have. (*Points to* RYON.) There stands the villain who did the deed.

GEN. G. Do you mean Lawrence DeWitt?

GRACE. No, sir; Dick Ryon, the rebel spy.

RY. (*clinching fist*). Have a care, Grace Wood.

GRACE. General, will you kindly oblige me by sending for Sister Alice?

GEN. G. (*writes on card and gives to orderly*). Take this to Surgeon Copeland at the hospital, and return immediately with Sister Alice. [*Orderly takes card, salutes, and exits*, L. C.

RY. General, if you will allow me to go to my tent, I will produce further evidence in this matter.

GEN. G. If you have more evidence, why did you not bring it with you?

RY. I forgot it, sir.

GEN. G. There is plenty of time if more evidence is needed. You had better stay where you are.

GRACE. General, may I see the letter which I understand was alleged to have come from General Bragg, and found on the captain's person?

GEN. G. Certainly; here it is. (*Gives letter.*)

GRACE *takes letter; looks at it carefully for a long pause.* RYON *watches her closely, and starts as she takes a small package of letters from her pocket or hand-bag, and gives them to* GENERAL GEARY *with the other.*

GRACE. General Geary, here are some old letters written by that scoundrel, Ryon. Will you please compare the handwriting?

RY. (*hisses*). Fiend!

GEN. G. (*after comparing writing, rising*). They are one and the same. Colonel Jones, you will place this man under arrest.

RY. (*starting*, L. C.). Not if I can help it.

JUM. (*who stands* L. C., *quickly brings his musket down to charge bayonets*). Stand back, sah, fo' yo' git de Punkin Blossom Club arter yo'. (*Forces* RYON *back to place.* COLONEL JONES *crosses and stands by* RYON.)

CHAS. (*heard outside*). Please, sir, I wish to see General Geary.

PAT (*outside*). But ye can't, sor. The gineril be busy.

CHAS. But, sir, I must see him. I have important news.

GRACE (*excitedly catching general's arm*). Oh, sir, that is my brother, who disappeared so mysteriously. May he come in?

GEN. G. Certainly; I will get him. (*Goes to* L. C. *and calls to* PAT.) Let the boy pass, sir.

Enter CHARLEY WOOD, L. C., *with hair dishevelled, clothes torn, face very dirty, and several large scratches on cheek and forehead.* GRACE *meets him at entrance, and throws arms around him.*

GRACE. Oh, brother Charley, are you really alive? We have looked everywhere for you.

CHAS. (*feebly*). Not everywhere, Grace. You didn't look in Nickajack Cave or you would have found me; but oh, sister, I'm so hungry.

GRACE (*bringing him to a seat*). Why, brother, how dreadfully you look! What were you doing at Nickajack Cave?

The men all appear interested in CHARLEY, *and* RYON, *perceiving he is not watched, springs to* L. C. *again, but is met by* JUMBO, *who forces him back.*

JUM. Yo' ole 'possum, git back dar else I'll pin yo' to de wall wid dis yar baynet.

COL. J. (*to* RYON). Now, sir, if you dare to move again I'll not be responsible for your life.

JUM. Let de Punkin Blossom take car ob him, boss.

COL. J. All right, Jumbo, and if he attempts to escape, fill him with lead.

JUM. Yas, sah. (*To* RYON.). You see dat ole gun, sah? Dat am loaded fo' bar. I'ze got two poun' of powdah an' forty bullets

down dat hole, so yo' jes bettah look out fo' yerself, kaze ef yo' try to run yous a dead niggah.

(*During the above dialogue* GRACE *and* CHARLEY *should be conversing very low with each other.*)

GRACE. Why did you go so far from home, Charley?

CHAS. I was compelled to go there by an old man in whose hands I was placed by Mr. Ryon.

GEN. G. What is that, my boy? Do you say that man (*points to* RYON) compelled you to go to the cave?

CHAS. Yes, sir; but I am so hungry I don't know as I can explain it to you.

GEN. G. Jumbo, go to the cook tent and get a lunch for the lad.

GRACE. Excuse me, general, I think he had better go directly home. Mother will know best what to do for him.

GEN. G. You are quite right, Miss Wood. (*To orderly.*) See that an ambulance report here at once. (*Orderly salutes and exits,* L. C.) Now, my boy, can you explain this matter? Do you know why this man took you away?

CHAS. Yes, sir. I was coming through the woods near the trenches, and I ran onto Mr. Ryon just in time to see him stab a man. This made him very angry, because I said I would report him to General Geary. Then he choked me. That was the last I remembered till I awoke and found myself outside the Union lines with an old man who made me walk to Nickajack Cave. The next day Mr. Ryon came and brought some hardtack, and he gave the old man a letter and told him to take me over to Wheeler's camp. Then he left, after calling me all the bad names he could think of. That night, while the old man was sleeping soundly, I managed to get untied, and stealing the letter from the old man, I ran away. He awoke when I was leaving and started after me, but the night was very dark, and in his haste he fell into Nickajack Creek; then I took advantage of the situation and hurried away. And I have been walking and skulking ever since, and I have had nothing to eat since I left there three days ago.

GEN. G. My boy, you have done nobly. Your presence of mind would do credit to much older heads. Have you the letter which you took from the old man?

CHAS. (*producing letter*). Yes, sir; here it is. (*Gives letter.*)

GEN. G. (*takes letter and looks at it; then hands it to* COLONEL JONES). Colonel Jones, read that letter aloud, that these people may know what a black-hearted scoundrel we have here.

COL. J. (*takes letter and reads aloud*).

Wheeler.

DEAR SIR: For certain reasons which I will explain later I

wish the lad whom the bearer of this note will deliver to you to be placed in some safe confinement and well cared for until further notice from me. I have just put an end to the earthly career of one of Grant's pet Yankee spies, which fact Bragg will be pleased to know. I shall remain with the Yanks for a few days yet, unless it gets too hot for me, in which case I will join you. I have now other fish to fry, and must go and catch them. Yours in haste,

DICK RYON, C. S. A.

GEN. G. Jumbo, go to one of the supply wagons and get us a stout rope.

JUM. Yas, sah. (*To* RYON.) Now, ole man, yo' see yo' am goin' to a necktie party. [*Exits*, L. C.

GEN. G. Well, sir, have you anything to say in your own defence?

RY. General, I am fairly caught in the trap I laid for Captain Danvers. I have no apology to make; if I had it would avail me nothing. (*Enter* SISTER ALICE, *with orderly*. GENERAL GEARY *raises hat and offers her his seat, which she takes.* RYON *continues.*) I committed the deed thinking it a favor to the Confederacy. I admit that even as a loyal Southerner and spy I have overstepped the chivalric line by allowing my jealous passions to overrule my better judgment. I refer to the cloud which I tried to throw over Captain Danvers' life, because he was my rival and had won the affections of Miss Wood, although I confess she never encouraged my suit. Captain Danvers is entirely innocent of the crime. The knife with which I did the work I stole from his coat, and placed therein the letter from Bragg, which I wrote to throw suspicions on the captain. You know the rest, sirs, and will deal with me as I deserve. I will accept the decree without a murmur.

GEN. G. Have you no word you wish to leave for your family?

RY. General, I had a wife, a loving and confiding companion until I drove her from me. She was a Unionist to the heart's core, which greatly angered me, and I continued to torture her with harsh words and even blows, until one day I left her alone, sick and destitute, and joined Wheeler's raiders. The pangs of death would be slight if I could only see her one moment and ask her forgiveness.

Enter JUMBO, L. C., *with a piece of two or three-inch rope.*

JUM. Har it am, boss.

GEN. G. Is that the best you can do?

JUM. Dat am de bigges' one I can fine, gineril.

GEN. G. Sister Alice, we expected to use your testimony in this case, but it will not be necessary. Colonel Jones, you will

procure a proper rope, and see that Dick Ryon is immediately hung by the neck till he is dead.

RY. General, will you not give me a few hours to prepare for eternity ?

GEN. G. Sir, did you give George Webb time to say a prayer ?

RY. (*dropping his head, exclaims*) Retribution !

SISTER A. General Geary, have you found me faithful to my trust at the hospital ?

GEN. G. We have, Sister Alice. Surgeon Copeland speaks in highest terms of your work.

SISTER A. Am I deserving of any favors from you ?

GEN. G. You certainly are. What can we do for you ?

SISTER A. That instead of hanging this man he be sent to Washington as a prisoner of war.

GEN. G. We are fully aware, Sister Alice, that your sympathies are always with those in trouble, and we honor you for it; but this is a very aggravated case, and demands quick justice.

SISTER A. Please, general, if you hope to be forgiven in the great hereafter, allow this man proper time for repentance. I have personal reasons for asking the favor.

GEN. G. Will you explain your personal reasons ?

SISTER A. I beg you, general, do not ask them.

GEN. G. Sister Alice, I am compelled to refuse your request unless your reasons are known.

SISTER A. (*throwing off disguise*). General Geary, I am his wife ! (RYON *turns back and puts handkerchief to his face.*)

GEN. G. You are a worthy woman, and your wish shall be granted.

RY. (*comes over and kneels at* SISTER ALICE'S *feet*). Oh, Alice, will you forgive me ?

SISTER A. Stand up, sir ! I have saved your life that you may prepare for death. Never can you find a place in my heart. You have proved yourself unworthy of a woman's love.

GEN. G. Captain Danvers, I owe you an apology that can never be expressed in words.

CAPT. D. General, I hold no enmity to any one. You did what loyal men and true would do. In this severe trial I have learned that stronger than grape and canister is the love of a true woman.

GEN. G. Captain, let me congratulate you on the merits of this brave little woman who has saved your life.

CAPT. D. (*taking* GRACE *by the hand*). I shall never forget this hour, and when this cruel war is over I will devote my time in trying to make her happy.

JUM. Hurrah fo' de Punkin Blossom Club !

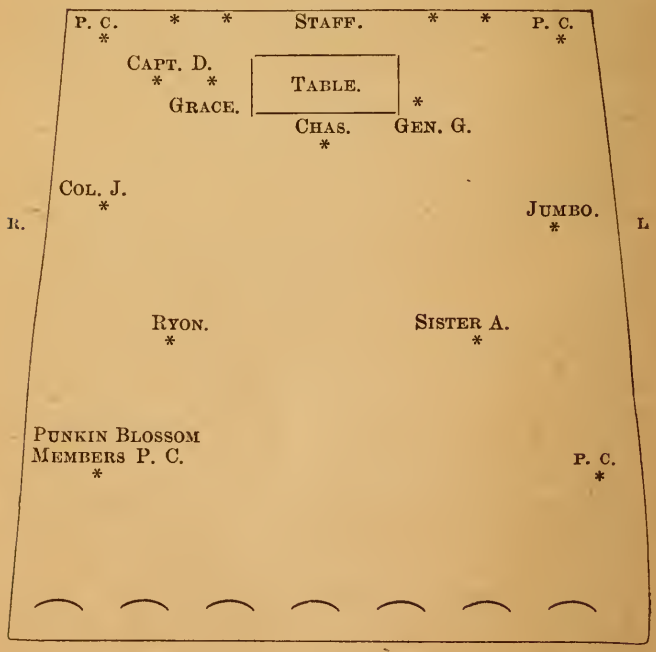
CHAS. (*standing up*). Mr. Ryon, please let me know what day you will be at home to callers in your new quarters at Washington, and I'll call—after I have had all I want to eat.

GRACE. Charley, please don't.

RY. (*rising and holding out both hands to* SISTER ALICE). Alice, I can't live without you ; won't you forgive me ?

SISTER A. Ask forgiveness of Him who has the power to forgive. Go to your prison cell, and in solitude repent and ponder over your past mad career. My heart is with the suffering Union soldiers, and I shall remain with the army and help to alleviate the sufferings of those who fall in the trenches. (*Picture.*)

CURTAIN.



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